National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXV. NO. 1. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864. WHOLE NO. 1,249.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT $2 50 PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS. 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

THE PORT ROYAL SYSTEM JUSTIFIED.

LETTER FROM EDWARD S. PHILBRICK.

BOSTON, April 26th, 1864.

To the Editors of The Independent:

IN a letter from Beaufort, S. C., published in your paper of the 21st inst., much is said about the alleged wrongs of the blacks in the Sea Islands. While I agree with your correspondent that the good faith of the government should have been kept in regard to the promised homesteads, however we may differ in opinion as to the expediency of *making* the promise at *this time*, I beg leave to be allowed to use your columns in correcting some false impressions which your correspondent seems to have received concerning my own course in hiring and paying for negro labor. I do not pretend to be a philanthropist—only a common sense Yankee; and, while I believe that common sense is not incompatible with the truest philanthropy, it is for others to judge as to whether I have attained this happy combination. Though your correspondent intimates that I have filled my pockets with unrighteous gain, at the expense of the just rights of an abused people, I think I can prove, by an ample array of facts, that I have paid as well for labor performed as the same amount of labor would have been paid for in older and more settled communities. I do not wish to be understood as defending my own motives in the course taken. I do not claim to be purer, or to have a clearer insight of my secret motives, than the average of mankind. Perhaps I am not so well able to judge of my motives as your correspondent is to judge of them. I prefer to rest upon the facts, and let the world form its own opinion.

Your correspondent refers to wages paid for negro labor, averaging 55 cents per day, and thinks the laborers should be paid $2.00 and $2 50 per day. If he were to drop his pen and spend a few days in the cotton-field, and in a Northern corn-field with a hoe, and compare the negro's day's work with the amount of work usually accomplished by an able-bodied laborer in the North, he would soon find that the negro had never been in the habit of doing formerly more work in a day than a good smart hand can do in four or five hours. This is amply proved by the result of the "job" system under which the negroes now work, for the best hands are not content with the old "task," but often double it. Thus, while the average of old men, women and children between schools, earned 55 cents per day while at work for us, there were many who earned habitually $1 00 and $1.25 per day. The old day's work at ginning the Sea Island staple was 30 lbs., while several of my ginners have, during the past Winter, ginned 55 and even 60 lbs. in a day, when they found they were to be paid 2 cents per lb., and accordingly received $1.10 and $1.20 for such days' works.

The prices paid in 1863 for labor on the government plantations were established by an order of Gen. Saxton, upon this basis, viz., 25 cents for the master's "task" during planting and hoeing time, with a premium of 10 cents per lb. on the ginned staple when picked. (See General Order No. 12, Dec. 20th, 1862.) Thinking these prices rather *low* for the rising prices of cloth, sugar, molasses, and other articles which the negroes had to buy, the rates were raised last year *on my plantations* to 35 cents per "task," and this year to 40 cents, in addition to the premium of 10 cents per lb. on the staple, and 5 cents per lb. more for ginning and preparing it for market. Many of the women at work for me thus earn from 60 to 80 cents per day, *cash down*, besides the premium above named at harvest, which amounted in one case to $145.80, and on one plantation to $1,843.62; and which in all amounted to $7,312, or about fifty per cent. of all other wages for the nine months. In fact, whenever the amount of work done in a day approaches the standard of a day's work in the North, the wages also approach the limit of Northern wages, under similar conditions.

For instance, the negro who has a wife and two growing children, 12 and 16 years old, gets, for his family's work, an average of $2.20 per day, or, at steady work, $57.20 per month. He has, besides this money, all the fuel he wants to burn during the whole year; he has permission to keep at large unnumbered chickens, geese, and *pigs*, which multiply in a logarithmic ratio every three months, and nearly root me and my teachers out of our own houses and homes; he has the exclusive use of six or eight acres of the very best land he could find on the plantation—about ten times as much as his master allowed him—with use of my mules and oxen and plows to plow this land with a plowman paid by myself; he pays no rent for land or house; he has a free school on the plantation at my expense; he disposes of his own time; and his house is repaired, and, in some cases, built or renewed by us. Moreover, he buys his clothing, molasses, sugar, etc., etc., at my stores, for about 15 to 20 per cent. lower rates than he could at any retail store in New York or Boston during the past year. In fact, he lays up money faster than he can judiciously spend it, as is amply shown by the recent and repeated auction sales, by Gen. Saxton's quartermaster, of condemned animals, at Beaufort, and on the plantations by the Treasury agents. Many of the men in my employ have there paid from $100 to $200, and even $231, for old, worn-out horses or mules not really worth their salt. Does all this seem like oppression or extortion on the part of their employers?

During the excitement about preëmption which prevailed for the first two weeks in Feb., 1864, many negroes came to me begging to be allowed to stay on my land, and work for me as they had done, fearing, as they said, that they might be *obliged* to go and buy land. When told that they were welcome to remain if they chose, or, if they wished to buy land, that they were welcome to their houses, to move on to their claims, they scouted the idea of leaving my land. Not a single man did leave it, that I ever heard of. Some of my tenants entered claims on speculation, with my help, professing that they wanted to stay and work for me; but, knowing the land was worth over $10 per acre, they were shrewd enough to wish to invest their savings in it for future sale. If this order for preëmption had been carried out to any extent, much land would have remained uncultivated for lack of capital, for the amount allowed to each man was more than he could possibly improve with his own hands. Many men have left other plantations and come to work for me, some of whom walk two miles every morning for this purpose. Generally, when asked if they want to buy my land where they live, they say, "Yes, hime by. We not got money 'nough now for buy land, horses, carts, and all that." Any amount of such evidence as this can be furnished. Does it look like extortion on the part of the employers?

It is not surprising that large profits should accrue from raising cotton at present prices, nor is the making of money in itself a thing to be ashamed of. It seems to me, instead of being a proof of hard-heartedness and extortion, to be a proof of having filled a position that was very much needed by the community, and in a manner which accomplished certain ends of use to the world. It is the height of absurdity to consider the amount of profits to the proprietor a criterion of the value of the labor performed. These profits are now extraordinary on account of the cotton famine; but they would be very moderate under ordinary circumstances, *i. e.*, former prices of cotton. I claim to have encouraged and developed an amount of industry which has been of inestimable value to the negro himself, teaching him self-reliance and independence of action, while, if left without the capital which I have applied for the purpose, he would have been lounging about camp in comparative idleness, and, if left without the incentive of the cheap domestic comforts brought within his reach by my stores, he would not have known of the existence of many of the little articles which more civilized people regard as necessaries of life, and which he too has now learned so to regard.

It may be supposed that the Joint Stock Co. from Boston have made a great fortune this year from negro labor. If so, it is still in the Sea Islands, surrounded by the risks of war; for every cent of the increased capital, after paying liabilities already incurred, will be needed to carry on the work during the present year, and will be so applied. The whole available proceeds of the last crop are to be staked again among those marshes, surrounded by rebels in arms, and on a soil where the title is still imperfect under the statute of forfeiture. The risk is manifest. If the result should not pay the capitalist for the risk incurred as well as the laborer for work done, it would not be a success, and would not be repeated. Or, if the cost of raising cotton by free labor were greater than by slaves, then, of course, the "everlasting nigger" would be blamed for the failure and again branded as a "worthless animal," a "curse to the soil," and we should again hear, perhaps from the mouth of our worthy President, of schemes for his colonization and expatriation. But if our enterprise should succeed, as, thanks to the industry of the "nigger," it seems in a fair way to do, it will prove the negro to be a productive and useful member of society, and that his position may be elevated by his own exertions, stimulated by the introduction of *capital*.

Whatever tends to develop industry, and to lead capital and labor into friendly relations, is a benefit to the community; but whatever needlessly stirs up animosity, on either side, between the rich and poor is a *curse* to society and mankind. Capital and labor are each necessary to the other, and both should coöperate with hearty good will. Time will show whether the negro can be educated and civilized more rapidly by being bolstered into a new position by *special* legislation, without foreign capital to rely upon, than by climbing the ladder of civilization by his own self-imposed exertions, with the aid of capital naturally applied by those who have it. It is not surprising that good friends should differ in opinion as to the *modus operandi*; and, while many of my own friends may differ with me on such subjects, I hope still to be able to coöperate with them in all good works, each striving in our own way, and shall not take the slightest offence, even if they draw the inference that I am not a philanthropist.

I do not deem the personal portion of your correspondent's letter worthy of a more detailed reply, especially as he has withheld his name; but if any of your readers are sufficiently interested in the subject, they will find a more detailed statement of *facts* in a letter to Prof. F. J. Child, made some time since at his request, and now about to be made public in an appendix to his report as Secretary of the Boston Freedman's Relief Committee.

Respectfully yours, EDWARD S. PHILBRICK.

SECRETARY SEWARD IN BALTIMORE.

A SPEECH AT THE MARYLAND STATE FAIR.

From The Baltimore American, April 20.

ON last evening, Hon. WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, accompanied by the Ministers of Russia, France, Prussia, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, Brazil, Peru, Chili and Costa Rica, and several ladies, visited the Fair, where a very large assemblage of citizens were in waiting to receive them.

They were received by the Committee of Reception, and introduced to the President of the State Fair, W. J. ALBERT, Esq., under whose escort they made a circuit of the Fair. On reaching the New England Kitchen, they were welcomed in a few brief and eloquent remarks by R. Stockett Matthews, Esq., to which Mr. Seward responded.

In response to the remarks of Mr. Matthews, Secretary Seward said he was afraid in the zeal more newly born which he had seen evinced for the freedom, as well as the equality of all men, that he might be considered as making but a feeble response to the flattering and complimentary remarks addressed to him. But he was an honest man, and never could suppress an infirmity. He would say that there was one thing that he loved more than the freedom of the [illegible] thing more than all else—and that was his country (applause). He did not know whether his views were philosophical or not—people differ on this point—but he was sure he was right.

There is no question now about human freedom. It is a question that has been settled, and whatever may happen, nothing can change that settlement. The principle of the equality of mankind is already on the point of being established, and in establishing the great truth our country has come into peril. Our business now is to serve our country, and in so doing we serve it for the cause of freedom for all the world. How shall we act to secure this precious casket, which contains the germ of human freedom, that is now being attacked by a revolution which commenced in Baltimore in April, 1861? It is to combine all the patriots everywhere in the country against the traitorous efforts that are being made against the Union. He had laid down for himself certain principles for his guidance, and one of them was to give unlimited confidence to the Union man of all the Border States. He had sent into a dungeon a Legislature of Maryland that was treasonable (applause)—but he had never uttered a word against any Union man because he did not agree with him in all things, for he might come up to and go ahead of his standard to-morrow. He had no point of difference with any citizen of Maryland as long as he was in favor of the Union (applause). I would like to have them think that slavery ought to be abolished (applause); but he did not quarrel with him if he did not, because, if he was a loyal man, he would eventually think so (applause).

Mr. Seward said that if he had had his way all of the Border States would have been held in the Union and would now have been members of it. A sufficient force should have been placed in each of them to sustain their Union men, and by conciliation with the seceders the evils they have suffered would have been averted. He did not have his way and we had to fight. We are able to fight them all, and would have been able to fight Maryland, too, if she had gone wrong.

Mr. Seward spoke at considerable length, and in concluding said it was now shown that slavery must be abolished ere we have peace, and the first legally called convention of the people to abolish it was now sitting in Annapolis, the capital of the State of Maryland; and, honored as the ancient city was by its past history, it would be ten thousand times more honored as the capital of that State that was first to pronounce the fiat of State Right authority against slavery.

On the conclusion of his remarks he was greeted with much applause. Three cheers were given, on the proposition of somebody in the room, for "Our Darling Abe Lincoln," and also for the Foreign Ministers, when the company left the Kitchen and visited the Art Gallery, and shortly after retired from the hall.

From The Independent.

WHAT IS WORTH MORE THAN LIBERTY?

"He would say that there was one thing that he loved more than the freedom of the white man, or the freedom of the black man, one thing more than all else—and that was his country."—*Mr. Seward's Speech at Baltimore.*

What is the meaning of these Delphic words? Mr. Seward, speaking of white men and black—that is, the whole people—declares that he loves his country more than the liberty of the whole body of citizens. What, then, is that "country" which he prizes above the highest welfare of all its children? Is it the soil under foot? the sky overhead? the water-brooks and flowers? Beautiful as are all these, are they more to be desired than the inalienable birthright of a whole people? Or does he mean commerce and manufactures, ships and mills, storehouses and wealth? Will all these, thrown into the scale, outweigh a divinely implanted instinct of 31,000,000 human hearts? Does he mean machinery of government, legislative enactments, redness of tape? Can it be possible that all this is of more value than the most sacred prerogative of human nature?

When a man ordinarily speaks of his country, he means primarily his countrymen. But if Mr. Seward were to exclude from the continent all his countrymen, would the mere geographical remainder of the Republic answer his idea of a country? Or if Mr. Seward should allow to perish all the free institutions of the land, and compel every American, black or white, to lose his liberty and to become a slave, would what might then remain of the "country" be more valuable than what had been destroyed? As for ourselves, we can see nothing, either in this or in any other country, of more value than the liberty of the whole people—nothing that can be put into the scale to compare with this even for a moment. If Mr. Seward sees something else, it is a phantom—like that mirage which always lies before him at the distance of ninety days. No, let us not permit ourselves to think of our country as separate from its liberty. "*Ubi Libertas, Ibi Patria*"—"WHERE LIBERTY IS, THERE IS MY COUNTRY!" We are pained that Mr. Seward entertains a notion of some other desirable country than that wherein liberty dwells. He would give up liberty to save the country. O, Mr. Seward, have you forgotten that the Pilgrim Fathers gave up their country to save liberty?

PAY OF COLORED OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

OPINION OF ATTORNEY-GENERAL BATES.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE, April 23, 1864.

SIR: You have done me the honor to refer to me a communication to yourself, from his Excellency John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts, with accompanying papers, relative to the claim of the Rev. Samuel Harrison for pay as Chaplain of the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers.

It appears, by Gov. Andrew's letter and the other papers, that Mr. Harrison, who is a colored man, was duly elected, and, on the 8th day of September, 1863, commissioned by Gov. Andrew, as Chaplain of the 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, in the service of the United States; that on the 12th of November, 1863, he was mustered and accepted into the service of the United States, at Morris Island, South Carolina, by the proper mustering officer, and actually performed the duties of Chaplain of that regiment, then and since serving in South Carolina. On demanding his pay as Chaplain, on the 4th of February, 1864, he was met by the following refusal in writing signed by the Paymaster at Hilton Head:

"Samuel Harrison, Chaplain of the 54th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers [colored troops], asks pay at the usual rate, $100 per month and two rations, which, he being of African descent, I decline paying, under act of Congress passed July 17, 1862, employing persons of African descent in military service of the United States. The Chaplain declines to receive anything less."

You have requested my opinion whether the Paymaster should have paid as demanded, and, if he should, whether it is your duty to order him to do so.

The 54th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers was organized in the same manner as were other regiments of State Volunteers, under the following order of the War Department, dated January 26, 1863, viz:

Ordered, That Governor Andrew of Massachusetts is authorized, until further orders, to raise such number of volunteer companies of artillery for duty in the forts of Massachusetts and elsewhere, and such corps of infantry for the volunteer military service as he may find convenient, such volunteers to be enlisted for three years or until sooner discharged, and may include persons of African descent organized into separate corps. He will make the usual needful requisitions on the appropriate staff bureaus and officers for the proper transportation, or organization supplies, subsistence, arms and equipments of such volunteers.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

I do not know that any rule of law, constitutional or statutory, ever prohibited the acceptance, organization, and muster of "persons of African descent" into the military service of the United States as enlisted men or volunteers. But whatever doubt might have existed on the subject had been fully resolved before this order was issued by the 11th section of the act of 17th July, 1862, chapter 195, which authorized the President to employ as many persons of African descent as he might deem necessary and proper for the suppression of the rebellion, and, for that purpose to organize and use them in such manner as he might judge best for the public welfare; and the 12th section of the act of same date, chapter 201, which authorized the President to receive into the service of the United States, for the purpose of constructing intrenchments, or performing camp service, or any other labor, or any military or naval service, for which they might be found competent, persons of African descent, such persons to be enrolled and organized under such regulations, not inconsistent with the Constitution and laws, as the President might prescribe.

The 54th Massachusetts Regiment was, therefore, organized and mustered into the service of the United States under clear authority of law.

But the 15th section [illegible] chap. 201, after directing that all persons who have been or shall be enrolled in the service of the United States under that act, shall receive the pay and rations then allowed by law to soldiers, according to their respective grades, contains this proviso, "That persons of African descent, who, under this law, shall be employed, shall receive $10 per month and one ration, $3 of which monthly pay may be in clothing."

Whether persons of African descent "enrolled in the service of the United States" as private soldiers are included within the words "persons of African descent who, under this law, shall be employed," thereby limiting their pay as soldiers to ten dollars a month, is not the question you have submitted to me. For Mr. Harrison was not a private soldier, but an officer serving under the commission of the Governor of Massachusetts, the authenticity and validity of which were recognized and admitted by the United States when he was mustered into its service. But the question is: Can a person of African descent lawfully hold the office and receive the pay of Chaplain of a volunteer regiment in the service of the United States?

I have already said that I know of no provision of law, constitutional or statutory, which prohibited the acceptance of persons of African descent into the military service of the United States; and if they could be lawfully accepted as private soldiers, so also might they be lawfully accepted as commissioned officers, if otherwise qualified therefor. But the express power conferred on the President by the 11th section of the act of 17th of July, 1862, chapter 195, before cited, to employ this class of persons for the suppression of the rebellion, as he may best judge for the public welfare, furnishes all needed sanction of law to the employment of a colored chaplain for a volunteer regiment of his own race.

Nor is any prohibition of the employment of such person found in the statutes which declare the qualification of chaplains. The ninth section of the act to authorize the employment of volunteers, etc., of 22d July, 1861, chapter 9, provides that there shall be allowed to each regiment one chaplain, who shall be appointed by the regimental commander on the vote of the field officers and company commanders on duty with the regiment at the time the appointment shall be made. The chaplain so appointed must be a regularly ordained minister of a Christian denomination, etc. The seventh section of the act of Aug. 5, 1861, chapter 42, for the better organization of the military establishment, declares that one chaplain shall be allowed to each regiment of the army, to be selected and appointed as the President may direct; provided, that none but regularly ordained ministers of some Christian denomination shall be eligible to selection or appointment. The eighth section of the act of July 17, 1862, chapter 200, declares that the two sections last cited shall be construed to read as follows:

That no person shall be appointed a Chaplain in the United States Army who is not a regularly ordained minister of some religious denomination, and who does not present testimonials of his present good standing as such minister, with a recommendation for his appointment as an army Chaplain from some authorized ecclesiastical body, or not less than five accredited ministers belonging to said religious denomination.

The closest inspection of these provisions will discover nothing that precludes the appointment of a Christian minister to the office of Chaplain because he is a person of African descent. I therefore conclude that Mr. Harrison was the lawfully appointed and qualified Chaplain of the 54th Massachusetts Regiment.

The 9th section of the act of the 17th July, 1862, chapter 200, provides that thereafter the compensation of all Chaplains in the Regular or Volunteer service, or army hospitals, shall be $100 per month and two rations per day when on duty. Was Mr. Harrison entitled to this rate of compensation, or was he limited to the pay of $10 a month and one ration, fixed by the proviso to the 15th section of the act of 17th July, 1862, chapter 201?

It will be observed that this proviso declares $10 a month and one ration shall be received by persons of African descent employed under the law of which it is a part, viz: the act of 17th July, 1862, chap. 201. Now we have seen that it is not necessary to resort to that law to find authority for the appointment of Mr. Harrison as Chaplain, for, apart from the authority which might be presumed to exist prior to the enactment of any of these statutes, the 11th section of the act of the 17th July, 1862, chap. 195, sufficiently warranted it. To bring him, then, within the sweep of this proviso, and thus withdraw him from the reach of the act which specifically fixes the pay of the class of officers to which, by clear law, he belongs, would violate the plainest principle of construction. The act of which the proviso is a part was not intended, in my opinion, either to authorize the employment or fix the pay of any persons of African descent, except those who might be needed to perform the humblest offices of labor and service for which they might be found competent.

The twelfth section authorizes them to be received into service for the purpose of constructing intrenchments, or performing camp services or any other labor or any military or naval service for which they might be found competent. The thirteenth section declares that when any man or boy of African descent, who, by the laws of any State, shall owe service to any person aiding the rebellion, shall render such service as this act provides for, he, his mother, wife, and children, shall be free thereafter, with certain exceptions. And the fifteenth section fixes their pay as before stated. While it is true that the words of the twelfth section are broad enough to embrace all persons of African descent who may be received into the military or naval service of the United States, it is yet quite evident from the terms of the whole section, as well as from the promise of freedom held out to such persons who were slaves in the thirteenth section, that, in limiting their pay to $10 a month and one ration, Congress had in view the class who were fitted only for the humbler kinds of service referred to, and not persons who, under the authority of other laws might be appointed to positions requiring higher qualifications and entitled to a higher rate of pay.

To assume that because Mr. Harrison is a person of African descent he shall draw only the pay which this law establishes for the class it obviously refers to, and be deprived of the pay which another law specifically affixes to the office he lawfully held, would be, in my opinion, a distortion of both laws, not only unjust to him, but in plain violation of the purpose of Congress. I, therefore, think that the paymaster should have paid Mr. Harrison his full pay as Chaplain of a volunteer regiment.

Your attention having been specially called to the wrong done in this case, I am also of opinion that your constitutional obligation to take care that the laws be faithfully executed makes it your duty to direct the Secretary of War to inform the officers of the pay department of the army that such is your view of the law, and I do not doubt that it will be accepted by them as furnishing the correct rule of their action. I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant, EDWARD BATES, Attorney-General.

To the PRESIDENT.

THE FORT PILLOW BARBARITY.

REPORT OF THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, May 5, 1864.

THE following report was made in both Houses to-day:

The Joint Committee on the Conduct and Expenditures of the War, to whom was referred the resolution of Congress instructing them to investigate the late massacre at Fort Pillow, designated two members of the Committee, Messrs. Wade and Gooch, to proceed to such places as they might deem necessary and take testimony. That Sub-Committee having discharged that duty, returned to this city and submitted to the Committee a report with the accompanying papers and testimony. The report was read and adopted by the Committee, whose Chairman was instructed to submit the same with the testimony to the Senate, and ask the same to be printed.

REPORT OF THE SUB-COMMITTEE.

Messrs. Wade and Gooch, the sub-Committee appointed by the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, with instructions to proceed to such points as they might deem necessary for the purpose of taking testimony in regard to the massacre at Fort Pillow, submitted the following report to the Joint Committee, together with the accompanying testimony and papers:

In obedience to the instructions of the Joint Committee adopted the 18th ult., your Committee left Washington on the morning of the 19th, taking with them the Stenographer of this Committee, and pro[illegible] Kentucky, and Memphis, Tennessee, at each of which places they proceeded to take testimony.

Although your Committee were instructed to inquire only in reference to the attack, capture and massacre at Fort Pillow, they have deemed it proper to take some testimony in reference to the operations of Forrest and his command immediately preceding and subsequent to that horrible transaction.

It will appear from testimony thus taken that the atrocities committed at Fort Pillow were not the result of passions excited by the heat of conflict, but were results of a policy deliberately decided upon and unhesitatingly announced: Even if the uncertainty of the fate of those officers and men belonging to colored regiments who have heretofore been taken prisoners by the rebels has failed to convince the authorities of our government of this fact, the testimony herewith submitted must convince even the most skeptical that it is the intention of the rebel authorities not to recognize the officers and men of our colored regiments as entitled to the treatment accorded by all civilized nations to prisoners of war.

The declaration of Forrest and his officers, both before and after the capture of Fort Pillow, as testified to by such of our men as have escaped after being taken by him; the threats contained in the various demands for surrender made at Paducah, Columbus, and other places; the renewal of the massacre on the morning after the capture of Fort Pillow; the statements made by the rebel officers to the officers of our gunboats, who received the few survivors at Fort Pillow, all this proves most conclusively the policy they have determined to adopt.

The first operation of any importance was the attack upon Union City, Tennessee, by a portion of Forrest's command. The attack was made on the 24th of March. The post was occupied by a force of about 500 men, under Col. Hawkins of the 11th Tennessee Union Cavalry. The attacking force was superior in numbers, but was repulsed by our own forces. For the particulars of the attack, and the circumstances attending the surrender, your Committee would refer to the testimony submitted. They would state, however, that it would appear from the testimony the surrender was opposed by nearly if not quite all the officers of Col. Hawkins's command. Your Committee think the circumstances connected with the surrender are such that they demand the most searching investigation by the military authorities. At the time of the surrender, but one man on our side was injured.

On the 25th of March, the enemy, under the rebel Generals Forrest, Buford, and Thompson, estimated at over 6,000 men, made an attack on Paducah, Ky., which post was occupied by Col. S. G. Hicks of the 40th Illinois Regiment, with 655 men. Our forces retired into Fort Anderson, and there made their stand, assisted by some gunboats belonging to the command of Capt. Shirk of the navy, successfully repelling the attack of the enemy. Failing to make any impression on our forces, Forrest demanded an "unconditional surrender," closing his communication to Col. Hicks in these words: "If you surrender you shall be treated as prisoners of war; but if I have to storm your works, you may expect no quarter." This demand and threat were met by a refusal on the part of Col. Hicks to surrender, he stating that he had been placed there by his government to defend that post and he should do so. The rebels made three other assaults that day, but were repulsed with heavy loss each time, the rebel General Thompson being killed in the last assault. The enemy retired next day, having suffered a loss estimated at 1,000 to 1,200 wounded. The loss on our side was 14 killed and 46 wounded.

The operations of the enemy at Paducah were characterized by the same bad faith and treachery that seem to have become the settled policy of Forrest and his command. The flag of truce was taken advantage of there as elsewhere to secure desirable positions which the rebels were unable to obtain by fair and honorable means; and also to afford opportunities for plundering private stores as well as government property. At Paducah the rebels were guilty of acts more cowardly, if possible, than any they have practised elsewhere. When the attack was made the officers of the fort and gunboats advised the women and children to go down to the river for the purpose of being taken across out of danger.

As they were leaving the town for that purpose, the sharpshooters mingled with them, and, shielded by their presence, advanced and fired upon the gunboats, wounding some of our officers and men. Our forces could not return the fire without endangering the lives of the women and children. The rebels also placed women and children in front of their lines as they moved on the fort or were proceeding to take positions, while the flag of truce was at the fort, in order to compel our men to withhold their fire, out of regard for the lives of the women who were made use of in this most cowardly manner. For more full details of the attack and treacherous and cowardly practices of the rebels there, your Committee refer to the testimony herewith submitted.

On the 13th of April, the day after the capture of Fort Pillow, the rebel Gen. Buford appeared before Columbus, Ky., and demanded its unconditional surrender. He coupled with that demand a threat that if the place was not surrendered, and he should be compelled to attack it, no quarter whatever should be shown to the negro troops. To this, Col. Lawrence, in command of the fort, replied that the surrender was out of the question, as he had been placed there by his government to hold and defend the place, and should do so. No attack was made, but the enemy retired, having taken advantage of the flag of truce to take some horses of Union citizens, which had been brought in there for security.

It was at Fort Pillow, however, the brutality and cruelty of the rebels were most fearfully exhibited. The garrison there, according to the last returns received at headquarters, amounted to 19 officers and 538 enlisted men, of whom 262 men were colored troops, comprising one battalion of the 6th U. S. Heavy Artillery, formerly the 1st Alabama Artillery of colored troops, under the command of Major L. F. Booth, one section of the 2d U. S. Light Artillery (colored) and one battalion of the 13th Tennessee Cavalry (white), commanded by Major A. F. Bradford. Major Booth was the ranking officer and was in command of the fort.

On Monday, the 12th of April, the anniversary of the attack on Fort Sumter in April, 1861, the pickets of the garrison were driven in just before sunrise, that being the first intimation our force there had of any intention on the part of the enemy to attack the place. Fighting soon became general, and about 9 o'clock Major Bradford succeeded to the command, and withdrew all the forces within the fort. They had previously occupied some intrenchments at some distance from the fort, and further from the river. The fort was situated on a high bluff, which descended precipitately to the river's edge, the ridge of the bluff on the river side being covered with trees, bushes and fallen timber. Extending back from the river on either side of the fort was a ravine or hollow, the one below the fort containing several private stores and some dwellings, and some government buildings containing commissary stores. The ravine above the fort, however, was known as Cold Bank Ravine, the ridge being covered with trees and bushes.

To the right or below, and a little to the front of the fort, was a level piece of ground not quite so elevated as the fort itself, on which had been erected some log huts or shanties, which were occupied by the white troops, and also used for hospital and other purposes. Within the fort, tents had been erected with board floors for the use of the colored troops. There were six pieces of artillery in the fort, consisting of two 6-pounders, two 12-pounder howitzers, and two 10-pounder Parrotts. The rebels continued their attack, but up to 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon, they had not gained any decisive success. Our troops, both white and black, fought most bravely, and were in good spirits.

The gunboat No. 1 (New Era), Capt. Marshall, took part in the conflict, shelling the enemy as opportunity offered. Signals had been agreed upon by which the officers in the fort could indicate where the guns of the boat could be most effective. There being but one gunboat there no permanent impression appeared to have been produced upon the enemy, for as they were shelled out of one ravine they would make their appearance in the other. They would thus appear and retire as the gunboat moved from one point to the other.

About 1 o'clock the fire on both sides slackened somewhat, and the gunboat moved out in the river to coal and clear the guns, having fired 282 rounds of shell, shrapnell and cannister, which nearly exhausted the supply of ammunition. The rebels having thus far failed in their attack now resorted to their customary flags of truce. The first flag of truce conveyed a demand from Forrest for the unconditional surrender of the fort. To this Major Bradford replied, ask[illegible] flag of truce appeared with a communication from Forrest that he would allow Major Bradford 20 minutes in which to move his troops out of the fort, and if it was not done in that time an assault would be ordered. To this Major Bradford replied that he would not surrender.

During the time these flags were flying the rebels were moving down the ravines and taking positions from which the more readily to charge upon the fort. Parties of them were also engaged in plundering the government building and commissary and quartermaster's stores, in full view of the gunboats. Capt. Marshall states that he refrained from firing upon the rebels, although they were thus violating a flag of truce, for fear that if they should finally succeed in capturing the fort, they might justify any atrocities that might be committed, by saying that they were done in retaliation for his firing while a flag of truce was flying. He says, however, that when he saw the rebels coming down the ravine above the fort, taking positions there, he got under weigh and stood for the fort. He determined to use what little ammunition he had left in shelling out the ravine, but he did not get up within effective range before the final assault was made.

Immediately after the second flag of truce retired, the rebels made a rush from the positions they had so treacherously gained and obtained possession of the fort, raising the cry of "No quarter." But little opportunity was allowed for resistance. Our troops, black and white, threw down their arms, and sought to escape by running down the steep bluff near the fort and secreting themselves behind trees and logs in the bushes and under the brush; some even jumping into the river, leaving only their heads above the water as they crouched down under the bank.

Then followed a scene of cruelty and murder without parallel in civilized warfare, which needed but the tomahawk and scalping-knife to exceed the worst atrocities ever committed by savages. The rebels commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, white or black, soldier or civilian. The officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the devilish work. Men, women, and their children, wherever found, were deliberately shot down, beaten, and hacked with sabres. Some of the children, not more than ten years old, were forced to stand up and face their murderers while being shot. The sick and wounded were butchered without mercy, the rebels even entering the hospital buildings and dragging them out to be shot, or killing them as they lay there, unable to offer the least resistance.

All over the hillside the work of murder was going on. Numbers of our men were collected together in lines or groups and deliberately shot. Some were shot while in the river, while others on the bank were shot and their bodies kicked into the river, many of them still living, but unable to make exertions to save themselves from drowning. Some of the rebels stood upon the top of the hill, or a short distance from its side, and called to our soldiers to come up to them, and as they approached shot them down in cold blood; and if their guns or pistols missed fire, forcing them to stand there until they were again prepared to fire.

All around were heard cries of "No quarter," "No quarter," "Kill the damned niggers," "Shoot them down." All who asked for mercy were answered by the most cruel taunts and sneers. Some were spared for a time, only to be murdered under circumstances of greater cruelty. No cruelty which the most fiendish malignity could devise was omitted by these murderers. One white soldier who was wounded in the leg, so as to be unable to walk, was made to stand up while his tormentors shot him. Others who were wounded and unable to stand up were held up and again shot. One negro who had been ordered by a rebel officer to hold his horse was killed by him when he remonstrated. Another, a mere child, whom an officer had taken up behind him on his horse, was seen by Chalmers, who at once ordered him to put him down and shoot him, which was done.

The huts and tents in which many of the wounded had sought shelter were set on fire, both that night and the next morning, while the wounded were still in them, those only escaping who were able to get themselves out or who could prevail on others less injured to help them out; and even some of these, thus seeking to escape the flames, were met by these ruffians and beastly shot down, or had their brains beaten out. One man was deliberately fastened down to the floor of a tent, face upward, by means of nails driven through his clothing and into the boards under him, so that he could not possibly escape, and then the tent was set on fire. Another was nailed to the side of a building outside of the fort, and then the building set on fire and burned. The charred remains of five or six bodies were afterward found, all but one so much disfigured and consumed by the flames that they could not be identified; and the identification of that one is not absolutely certain, although there can hardly be a doubt it was the body of Lieut. Albertson, Quartermaster of the 13th Virginia Cavalry, and a native of Tennessee. Several witnesses who saw the remains, and who were personally acquainted with him while living here, testified that it is their firm belief that it was his body that was thus treated.

These deeds of murder and cruelty closed when night came on only to be renewed the next morning, when the demons carefully sought among the dead lying about in all directions for any other wounded yet alive, and those they found were deliberately shot. Scores of the dead and wounded were found there the day of the massacre by the men from some of our gunboats, who were permitted to go on shore and collect the wounded and bury the dead. The rebels themselves had made a pretense of burying a great many of their victims, but they had merely thrown them, without the least regard to care or decency, into the trenches and ditches about the fort, or the little hollows and ravines on the hill side, covering them but partially with earth. Portions of heads and faces, hands and feet, were found protruding through the earth in every direction, and even when your Committee visited the spot two weeks afterward, although parties of men had been sent on shore from time to time to bury the bodies unburied and rebury the others, and were even then engaged in the same work, we found the evidences of this murder and cruelty still most painfully.

We saw bodies still unburied, at some distance from the fort, of some sick men, who had been met fleeing from the hospital, and beaten down and brutally murdered, and their bodies left where they had fallen. We could still see the faces and hands and feet of men, white and black, protruding out of the ground, whose graves had not been reached by those engaged in reinterring the victims of the massacre, and although a great deal of rain had fallen within the preceding two weeks, the ground, more especially on the side and at the foot of the bluff, where the most of the murders had been committed, was still discolored by the blood of our brave but unfortunate men; and the logs and trees showed but too plainly the evidences of the atrocities perpetrated there.

Many other instances of equally atrocious cruelty might be enumerated. But your Committee feel compelled to refrain from giving here more of the heart-sickening details, and refer to the statements contained in the voluminous testimony herewith submitted. Those statements were obtained by them from eye-witnesses and sufferers. Many of them, as they were examined by your Committee, were lying upon beds of pain and suffering, some so feeble that their lips could with difficulty frame the words by which they endeavored to convey some idea of the cruelties which had been inflicted on them, and which they had seen inflicted on others.

In reference to the fate of Major Bradford, who was in command of the fort when it was captured, and who had up to that time received no injury, there seems to be no doubt. The general understanding everywhere seemed to be that he had been brutally murdered the day after he was taken prisoner.

How many of our troops thus fell victims to the malignity and barbarity of Forrest and his followers cannot be definitely determined. Two officers belonging to the garrison were absent at the time of the capture and massacre of the remaining officers. But two are known to be living, and they are wounded now in the hospital at Mound City. One of them, Capt. Porter, may even now be dead, as the surgeons, when your Committee were there, expressed no hope of his recovery. Of the men, from 300 to 400 are known to have been killed at Fort Pillow, of whom at least 300 were murdered in cold blood after the fort was in possession of the rebels and our men had thrown down their arms and ceased to offer resistance.

Of the surviving, except the wounded in the hospital at Mound City and the few who succeeded in making their escape unhurt, nothing definite is known, and it is to be feared that many have been murdered after being taken away [illegible] who had been conscripted by some of Forrest's forces, but who, with other conscripts, had succeeded in making his escape. He testifies that while two companies of rebel troops with Maj. Bradford and many other prisoners, were on their march from Brownville to Jackson, Tenn., Maj. Bradford was taken by five Rebels, one an officer, led about fifty yards from the line of march and deliberately murdered in view of all those assembled. He fell, instantly killed by three musket balls, even while asking that his life might be spared as he had fought them manfully, and was deserving of a better fate. The motive for the murder of Major Bradford seems to have been the simple fact that, although a native of the South, he remained loyal to his government.

The testimony herewith submitted contains many statements made by the rebels, that they did not intend to treat "home-made Yankees," as they termed loyal Southerners, any better than negro troops. There is one circumstance connected with the events herein narrated which your Committee cannot permit to pass unnoticed. The testimony herewith submitted discloses this most astounding and shameful fact: On the morning of the day succeeding the capture of Fort Pillow, the gunboat Silver Cloud, No. 28, the transport Platte Valley, and the gunboat New Era, No. 7, landed at Fort Pillow, under a flag of truce, for the purpose of receiving a few wounded there and burying the dead. While they were lying there, the rebel General Chalmers and other rebel officers came down to the landing, and some of them went on the boat.

Notwithstanding the evidences of rebel atrocity and barbarity with which the ground was covered, there were some of our army officers on board the Platte Valley so lost to every feeling of decency, honor, and self-respect as to make themselves disgracefully conspicuous in bestowing civilities and attentions upon the rebel officers, even while boasting of the murders they had there committed.

Your Committee were unable to ascertain the names of the officers who have thus inflicted so foul a stain upon the honor of our army. They are assured, however, by the military authorities that every effort will be made to ascertain their names and bring them to the punishment they so richly merit.

In relation to the reënforcement or evacuation of Fort Pillow, it would appear that the troops there stationed were withdrawn on the 25th of January last, in order to accompany the Meridian expedition under Gen. Sherman.

Gen. Hurlbut testifies that he never received any instructions to permanently vacate the post; and deeming it important to occupy it so that the rebels should not interrupt the navigation of the Mississippi by planting artillery there, he sent some troops there about the middle of February, increasing their number afterward until the garrison amounted to nearly 600 men. He also states that as soon as he learned that the place was attacked, he immediately took measures to send up reënforcements from Memphis, and they were actually embarking when he received information of the capture of the fort.

Your Committee cannot close this report without expressing their obligations to the officers of the navy and army with whom they were brought in contact, for the assistance they rendered. It is true your Committee were furnished by the Secretary of War with the fullest authority to call upon any one in the army for such services as they might require to enable them to make the investigation devolved upon them by Congress. But they found that no such authority was needed. The army and navy officers at every point they visited evinced a desire to aid the Committee in every way in their power, and all expressed the highest satisfaction that Congress had so promptly taken steps to ascertain the facts connected with the fearful and bloody transaction, and the hope that the investigation would lead to prompt and decisive measures on the part of the government.

Your Committee would mention more particularly the names of Gen. Mason Brayman, Military Commandant at Cairo; Capt. J. H. Odlin, his Chief of Staff; Capt. A. M. Pennick, U. S. N., Fleet Captain of the Mississippi Squadron; Capt. James W. Shirk, U. S. N., Surgeon Horace Wardner, in charge of the Mound City General Hospital; Capt. Thomas M. Farrell, U. S. N., in command of the gunboat Hastings, which was furnished by Capt. Pennick, to convey the Committee to Fort Pillow, and Memphis; Capt. Thomas Pattison, Naval Commandant at Memphis; Gen. C. C. Washburne, and the officers of their respective commands among those to whom they are indebted for assistance and attention.

All of which is respectfully submitted,

B. F. WADE,
D. W. GOOCH.

Adopted by the Committee as their report.

B. F. WADE, Chairman.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1864.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Thirty-first Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was celebrated on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week, at the Church of the Puritans, and Cooper Institute, by several meetings, the first of which was held at 10 o'clock on Tuesday, at the Church, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, the President of the Society, in the chair. Among the friends of the Society on the platform were George Thompson, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Samuel May, Jr., John Rankin, Thomas Garrett, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, John T. Sargeant, and Antoinette L. Blackwell, James and Lucretia Mott, Oliver Johnson, J. Miller McKim, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Wm. Wells Brown, and Wm. H. Day. The audience was unusually large, for a morning meeting, and comprised not only very many of the old and long-tried friends of the cause, but large numbers of younger men and women whom the events of the hour have brought into sympathy, more or less hearty, with the radical phase of the Anti-Slavery movement which this Society represents. Not without emotion could one familiar with the great struggle for the freedom of the slave which has been going on in this country for thirty years, and more, look over the great audience, and mark the many venerable men and women, their hair silvered with honorable years, who have given their lives with self-sacrificing zeal and noble effort, to the elevation of an outcast and despised race, patiently laboring, amid derision and obloquy and reproach, to lay the foundations of that Temple of Liberty to which the multitude now come up to lay the cap-stone with shoutings. For long and weary years they struggled, "their faith triumphant over fears," until, at this hour, it is given to them to see the fruition of their hopes near at hand, and their abiding faith in a God of justice and liberty gloriously vindicated. A fitting prelude to the exercises of the meeting was the voluntary which the organist (Prof. Sigismund Lasar) played—the good old tune of "Lenox"—"The year of jubilee has come."

MR. GARRISON commenced the exercises by reading the following hymn, by THEODORE TILTON, which was sung by the choir:

O THOU before whose Throne we fall,
  Who bendest to the bended knee,
Who spurnest none, who lovest all,—
  How long, O God, from land and sea,
Shall yet the groaning nations call?

O Thou by whom the lost are found,
  Whose Cross, upraised, forever stands,
When shall its shadow on the ground
  Spread East and West through all the lands,
Until it gird the world around?

O Thou who makest kingdoms Thine,
  When shall Thy mighty arms outreach
From Southern palm to Northern pine,
  To bind each human heart to each,
And each to Thee as branch to vine?

O Thou who cleansest human sin,
  For whom the whole creation waits,
When shall Thy reign on earth begin?—
  O be ye lifted up, ye gates,
And let the King of Glory in!

The PRESIDENT then read the following significant passages from the 50th and 51st chapters of Jeremiah:

The word that the LORD spake against Babylon *and* against the land of the Chaldeans by Jeremiah the prophet. Declare ye among the nations, and publish, and set up a standard: publish, *and* conceal not: say, Babylon is taken, Bel is confounded, Merodach is broken in pieces; her idols are confounded, her images are broken in pieces. For out of the north there cometh up a nation against her, which shall make her land desolate, and none shall dwell therein; they shall remove, they shall depart, both man and beast. In those days, and in that time, saith the LORD, the children of Israel shall come, they and the children of Judah together, going and weeping: they shall go, and seek the LORD their God. They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, *saying*, Come, and let us join ourselves to the LORD in a perpetual covenant *that* shall not be forgotten. My people hath been lost sheep; their shepherds have caused them to go astray, they have turned them away on the mountains: they have gone from mountain to hill, they have forgotten their resting place. All that found them have devoured them: and their adversaries said, We offend not, because they have sinned against the LORD, the habitation of justice, even the LORD, the hope of their fathers. Remove out of the midst of Babylon, and go forth out of the land of the Chaldeans, and be as the he goats before the flocks. For, lo, I will raise and cause to come up against Babylon an assembly of great nations from the north country: and they shall [illegible] against her; from thence she shall [illegible] sons shall return in vain. And Chaldea shall be a spoil; all that spoil her shall be satisfied, saith the LORD. A sound of battle *is* in the land, and of great destruction. How is the hammer of the whole earth cut asunder and broken! how is Babylon become a desolation among the nations! I have laid a snare for thee, and thou art also taken, O Babylon, and thou wast not aware: thou art found, and also caught, because thou hast striven against the LORD. The LORD hath opened his armory, and hath brought forth the weapons of his indignation: for this *is* the work of the Lord GOD of hosts in the land of the Chaldeans. Come against her from the utmost border, open her storehouses: cast her up as heaps, and destroy her utterly: let nothing of her be left. Slay all her bullocks; let them go down to the slaughter: woe unto them! for their day is come, the time of their visitation. The voice of them that flee and escape out of the land of Babylon, to declare in Zion the vengeance of the LORD our God, the vengeance of his temple. Call together the archers against Babylon: all ye that bend the bow, camp against it round about; let none thereof escape: recompense her according to her work; according to all that she hath done, do unto her: for she hath been proud against the LORD, against the Holy One of Israel. Therefore shall her young men fall in the streets, and all her men of war shall be cut off in that day, saith the LORD. Behold, I *am* against thee *O thou* most proud, saith the Lord GOD of hosts: for thy day is come, the time *that* I will visit thee. And the most proud shall stumble and fall, and none shall raise him up: and I will kindle a fire in his cities, and it shall devour all round about him. A sword *is* upon the Chaldeans, saith the LORD, and upon the inhabitants of Babylon, and upon her princes, and upon her wise *men*. A sword *is* upon the liars; and they shall dote: a sword *is* upon her mighty men; and they shall be dismayed. A sword *is* upon their horses, and upon their chariots, and upon all the mingled people that *are* in the midst of her: and they shall become as women: a sword *is* upon her treasures; and they shall be robbed. A drought *is* upon her waters; and they shall be dried up: for it *is* the land of graven images, and they are mad upon *their* idols. Babylon *hath been* a golden cup in the LORD's hand, that made all the earth drunken: the nations have drunken of her wine; therefore the nations are mad. Babylon is suddenly fallen and destroyed; howl for her; take balm for her pain, if so be she may be healed. We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: forsake her, and let us go every one into his own country; for her judgment reacheth unto heaven, and is lifted up even to the skies. O thou that dwellest upon many waters, abundant in treasures, thine end is come, *and* the measure of thy covetousness. The LORD of hosts hath sworn by himself, *saying*, Surely I will fill thee with men, as with caterpillars; and they shall lift up a shout against thee. For thus saith the LORD of hosts, the God of Israel; The daughter of Babylon *is* like a threshing-floor, *it is* time to thresh her; yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come. Thus saith the LORD of hosts; The children of Israel and the children of Judah *were* oppressed together: and all that took them captives held them fast; they refuse to let them go. Their Redeemer *is* strong; the LORD of hosts *is* his name; he shall thoroughly plead their cause, that he may give rest to the land, and disquiet the inhabitants of Babylon.

The PRESIDENT said—We meet this morning under very cheering and hopeful circumstances, in view of what comes to us from the battle-field. The rebellion is reeling to its overthrow, and the cause which is dear to all our hearts is in full promise of triumphant success — the cause of impartial and glorious liberty (applause). It is obviously proper, at this time, to read the following proclamation of the President of the United States:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, May 9, 1864.

To the friends of Union and Liberty:

Enough is known of army operations within the last five days to claim our especial gratitude to God. While what remains undone demands our most sincere prayers and reliance upon Him, without whom all human effort is vain, I recommend that all patriots, at their homes, in their places of public worship, and wherever they may be, unite in common thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

And so, from the beginning, the prophecy has been sure of fulfilment in the end; for

"Freedom's battle once begun,
  Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
  Though baffled oft, is ever won."

A fervent and impressive prayer was then offered by Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, after which another hymn was sung, as follows:

OUT of the dark the circling sphere
  Is rounding onward to the light;
We see not yet the full day here,
  But we do see the paling night;

And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
  And Faith, that shines, a heavenly will,
And Love, that courage re-inspires—
  These stars have been above us still.

Look backward, how much has been won;
  Look round, how much is yet to win!
The watches of the night are done;
  The watches of the day begin.

O Thou, whose mighty patience holds
  The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
  O keep us steadfast, patient, true!

The PRESIDENT then read a series of resolutions, which were laid over to be acted upon at the Business meetings.

The PRESIDENT—You will now be addressed by one who has never spoken, primarily, for the sake of receiving the applause of his friends, and who has never hesitated to speak all that was in him, in view of the opposition and contumely of his enemies. I have the pleasure of introducing WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., of Boston (prolonged applause).

Speech of Wendell Phillips, Esq.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Those who follow me will probably find ample text for what they have to say to you to-day in the very eloquent and excellent resolutions which have just been read to us. For myself, I beg leave to address what I shall say to you this morning, to a resolution which I ask leave to read.

Resolved, That while we do not criticise the wishes of the Administration, still, as Abolitionists, we feel bound to declare that we see no evidence of its purpose to put the freedom of the negro on such a basis as will secure it against every peril.

I recollect, Mr. President, and will endeavor to bear steadily in mind, that we come here this morning as Abolitionists; that this platform is sacred to the consideration of the claims of the negro; that, so far as possible, we throw out of consideration here all those general interests which concern us only as citizens; and that, as far as may be, we confine our view to those things which interest us as pledged to secure the abolition of chattel slavery. Still, I confess it is hardly possible, in such an hour as this, that one should totally forget that he has interests broader than those which concern merely the abolition of slavery. With the cannon shot echoing from the borders of Virginia, with the best blood and bravest of the nation poured out like water in defence of Republican institutions, with a great weight resting on the nation, the terrible burden which God gives it to-day, to save by the sacrifice of all its material wealth, if necessary, and its best blood, the institutions bequeathed to us by our fathers, it is impossible not to call to mind that even we Abolitionists, pledged to so sacred an object, have not only the right, but are bound to remember that that object, high and sacred as it is, is to be secured by the most economical means, by the slightest possible peril to the liberty of the white man, by the lightest mortgage laid on the industry of the future, by the shortest possible submission to the inevitable despotism of war, accustoming the public mind to the liberal exercise of despotic power, until at last vigilance, and the keen sense of individual right and the sacredness of the bulwarks of personal liberty are lost in the din of battle. All these considerations, we, even as Abolitionists, have a right to bear in mind. Standing, therefore, as we do this hour, with the news (if it can be credited) of the greatest success of the whole three years, before which, as our President has well said, the rebellion reels, it is still to be borne in mind that we have already incurred a debt, that we have already sacrificed an amount of life, that we have already blunted the old vigilance for individual liberty to an extent that bids us, as American citizens, beware that no such trial shall ever be again needed by the Republic. This war, if the intelligence and virtue of the people can secure it, is to be the last—at least, between the two sections of the American Union. It is very problematical whether any such war could be borne a second time, and free institutions survive it, in this belt of the continent. When I look, therefore, at the abolition of slavery, I connect with it, inevitably, the perpetuity of Republican institutions. In that dark and fearful storm into which the vessel of state is plunging, no man has foresight enough to see when she will reach the still water. The youngest of us are never again to see that Republic into which we were born; it is to be largely biased by the inevitable results of such a civil war as this. A million of men are to come back into civil life half unfitted for citizenship by the habits of a camp. They are to bring with them from five to ten thousand idolized officers—the only available candidates for office for a century to come. Military ambition, biased toward military occupation—the grave of all free governments—is the maelstrom on one side of us; and on the other, debt—the other grave of free governments. Two thousand million of dollars is the debt of our government to-day; three thousand million probably the ultimate debt of State, county and town, and war damages; an annual expense of three hundred million beyond our debt interest to keep that standing army with us, which will be inevitably necessary, on any plan of reconstruction. Under that mortgage rests the labor of the next half century. Every living right hand is mortgaged, and every one to be born for the next twenty years, for this atonement which God has [illegible] charm of American liberty has been the surplusage of its means. When an American artisan reached Saturday night, after he had paid his rent, his clothing, and his food, he had a half or a third of his wages left—ample material for books, for lectures, for amusements, for newspapers, for travel, for the education of his children. The Austrian prays to-day, in the streets of Vienna, "God grant I may be as well off to-morrow as I was yesterday!" No Yankee ever breathed such a prayer. Every Monday morning, he commenced life better than he started the week before. This has been the fulcrum and the spring-board which elevated the labor of the North into intellectual and moral life. This surplus dollar was pulpit, college, academy, *impulse*, and lifted labor to a higher level than the rest of the world knew. The English artisan, speaking generally, when he reaches Saturday night, has spent his last penny for food, rent, clothing, and begins Monday morning almost as hopeless as the previous. Now, so long as the results of this war last, so long as the inevitable necessities of the government for twenty years to come are to take one-third, if not one-half of the average income of the capital of the country to defray its expenses, so long the laboring masses of the Northern States are robbed of just the surplusage which constituted its nucleus of intellectual and moral progress.

I look out upon our future, therefore, as one vastly momentous in the history of Republican government. A comparatively ignorant laboring class, a large body of fund-holders—in the history of all free States the source of corruption and the grave of independence—these are the dead-weight, these are the lee shore and maelstrom in face of which the o'er-ladened frigate struggles for her harbor. What I ask of American citizens, interested alike in twenty million of white men and four million of black—in the providence of God in one bottom, sinking or swimming together—is, remembering the danger on the right hand and the left, to clear the decks, sweep every possible obstacle from our pathway, if in the providence of God, by any possibility, we may save the liberty of the whole, and the free institutions bequeathed to us.

Over all this picture looms the cloud of a government habituated to the exercise of despotic power. Well did Seward say to Lord Lyons, "I but ring a bell on this side, and, unchallenged, I put in prison a New Englander; I ring another one on that, and, equally irresponsible, consign a citizen of Ohio to a dungeon." No such despotism this side the wall of China. Necessary—inevitable—not to be found fault with in this death-grapple with rebellion. But all the more earnestly does it become us to remember that such powers, if trusted to less worthy hands, may result in the speedy dismemberment of the Republic or the quick advance of despotism.

In looking, therefore, at our question, let us remember that it is on a platform girdled by these dangers that we discuss the abolition of slavery to-day. I recognize as gladly as any man, as proudly as any man, the valor and the skill of the Army of the Potomac, and its matchless chief (loud applause). I believe that Grant will go to the Gulf when he plans to (renewed applause), and flaunt the stars and stripes again triumphant on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico (continued applause). But I believe it will be done over battle-fields as bloody as that which he treads to-day; for, though the rebellion reels in Virginia, it is by no means broken when it quits the Old Dominion. We have learned—the sections of the country — at least to respect each other. We know the South; its unanimity; its decided purpose; its willingness to die for its idea. We know its readiness for every sacrifice; its indomitable pride. Those elements are not to be subdued by a single battle; no, nor by three such. I believe, therefore, that although we beat the rebellion out of Virginia, it will still live. The war is to last many, many months longer. In considering our question, therefore, we are to consider, fairly, the next four years; and my resolution points the discriminating judgment of Abolitionists at the Administration, in full view of that fact, and in full view of the fact, that this Summer the country is to say under what philosophy the war shall be conducted. The popular cry is, "Stand by the Administration!" (Loud applause.) I recognize it. It has a broad, deep, patriotic meaning. Stand by the Administration! It is every man's duty, every citizen's duty to stand by the Administration (applause). But remember, Mr. President, we are American, not European. We live under the Constitution of the United States, not under French or English rule; and our fathers have laid it down as the *safest, wisest* principle of government, that every four years the citizen shall summon the government before himself try it, and record his verdict. Every four years an administration comes before the assembled people to ask, like the old prophet, "What have I done wrong? Whom have I injured?" It summons the judgment of the community. We are not only at liberty, but, as American citizens, we are *bound* to say to the pilot of the last four years, either, "You are," or "You are not my pilot for the coming four years." Any man, therefore, who raises to-day the war cry, "Stand by the Administration," and does not take into account that limitation—that an American citizen is bound to stand by the Administration so far and so long as the Constitution allows him, and no longer—forfeits his franchise under the free institutions of the fathers, and binds his lips, like a vassal of the Czar, to a life-long allegiance (applause).

If you think such a privilege dangerous, if you think the exercise of such a right inexpedient, there is the Constitution of the United States—assail it, but leave me untouched! There is the Convention of '89—attack it, but leave me uncensured! There is the fundamental principle of American institutions—deny it, but leave me uncriticised! I am only a constitutional American citizen, treading in the footsteps of the fathers of the Republic, and denying that any man has a life-long right to office (applause). The hour summons us, therefore, to the discharge of this duty, and no thoughtful citizen has a right to evade it. As an Abolitionist, I feel the deepest interest in the exercise of it.

I should not say this, if I thought this was a common war, to be decided by battle. If America was at this moment engaged in a quarrel with Mexico, if our bayonets were marshalled against those of France, I should stay at home, and say, "Grant is as good as anybody, and a little better; I will trust to the cannon shot that he manages." But if our success carries the banner down to the Gulf, you have not yet finished the war of ideas; you have not yet completed the struggle betwixt Northern and Southern civilization. The Hon. L. W. Spratt said at Montgomery, at that Convention which launched the Confederacy, when he was called upon to announce its programme, "This is no geographical quarrel. This is no quarrel between the men of the North and the men of the South—they are cordial enough. It is a war between the civil institutions of one section and the civil institutions of the other section. It is an eagle and a fish tied together by indissoluble bonds. The eagle cannot live in the fluid suited to the fish, and the fish cannot live in the fluid suited to the eagle. One must perish that the other may survive" (applause). Every thoughtful Northerner accepts the conclusion. We have reached that ultimate goal when the ideas of the North and of the South come in conflict; "one must perish that the other may survive!" In other words, unless the South supersedes us, we must supersede the South. I believe in God and Democracy, and therefore I believe that ultimately, in that final close of the epoch, the North, representing Justice and Democracy, will surely give law to this belt of the continent (applause). I have not a doubt of it. God reigns. The inevitable gravitation of all time is toward universal suffrage and universal democracy. It will not be different on this continent from what it has been on the other, and in due time, that will be accomplished. The only question is, "How long?" Shall it come when we call home the cannon and furl the banner, or shall it come twenty-five or thirty years hence, after an experience of Mexican civilization? Will you adjourn the conflict from the battle-field in Virginia, where we conquer, to the Senate house, where we are always betrayed? That is the only question for the American people. My charge against the Administration, as an Abolitionist, is, that it seeks to adjourn the battle from cannon shot to the forum; from Grant to the Senate house; and to leave the poisoned remnants of the slave system for a quarter of a century to come. If I was a negro and a slave, I should pray God that this war might last twenty years; if I was a negro and a slave, I should dread every victory on the part of the North; for I believe that this war, while it lasts, is performing exactly that work which war did in South America. It is taking [illegible] civil and social life into its original elements; and when that work is completely done, no matter what may be the form of government that follows, the negro is always free. Witness Mexico and South America. War stalked from the Gulf to the Cape, sweeping all institutions out of her path; and when peace came, the negro, like every other man, had a hand in the reconstruction of the government. But, as a white man, as an American citizen, concerned in the welfare of white as well as black, I deprecate one month of war, because I see in it the seeds of debt, military ambition and despotism, to guard against which will demand a virtue and an intelligence in the masses such as history nowhere shows. I accept, therefore, with gratitude, the first step that the Administration made, in December, towards reconstruction; not that I deem it a wise one, not that I deem it a quite well-timed one, in all its parts; but because I am well aware that the settlement of this war is not to be by battle, but by statesmanship, by the reconstruction of the elements of States; and, therefore, the greatest cause of anxiety is not for the battle-field—we can have nothing there but victory in the end—but it is for the intelligence of the hand that shall finally remodel the Union. Confined as I am out of fairness to those who are to follow me, I must briefly indicate the facts which I wish to bring to your attention on this point.

I have no charge to make against the Administration for the past—no fault to find with it. I am going to find fault only with its philosophy—its reason of procedure. I am going to allow, if you please, that it wishes the abolition of slavery and the freedom of the negro. I am going to allow the best disposition of the heart; all I am going to find fault with is the head. Now, in Mr. Lincoln's letter to Mr. Hodges, as in every one of his papers, if I do not misunderstand him, he lays down this principle: "I would fain reconstruct the Union, and touch slavery only in the last, inevitable resort. I would try everything else; I would exhaust all other means; I would allow time, to give a chance for the opposing parties to come to an understanding; I would exhaust everything before I would touch slavery." If I understand Mr. Lincoln, I do him no injustice in taking this for his philosophy of procedure. Then I think his action in the war shows the counterpart of that principle: "I will not only delay as long as possible touching slavery, but in my reconstruction, I will touch it as lightly as possible. I will merely touch its principle; I will leave everything connected with it in as nearly the same situation as possible."

These are the two principles, I think, which have guided the Administration. Let me show you why I think so. On the first, I need not adduce evidence, because Mr. Lincoln's own letter to Hodges states distinctly—"I put aside Freemont; I put aside Hunter; I expurgated Cameron's report; I listened for the action of the Border States; I waited the returning reason of the malcontents; I exhausted patience—then I acted" that principle he allows. The second principle—that of touching slavery as lightly as possible, leaving everything connected with it in the same posture—is evinced in his action. Let me show you. The Administration has never yet acknowledged the manhood of the negro. It professes to have abolished chattelism, and the abolition of chattelism leaves manhood. The Administration has never acknowledged the manhood of the negro. Go to Gen. Banks's department—the broadest field of experiment, under the hands of that officer of whom the President says, "He gives me the least trouble, does all I want, and makes no complaint." His department has from 50,000 to 200,000 negroes under our flag. His whole system of orders, from beginning to end, has no one element of the recognition of the manhood of the black in it—no one element of contract. The negro is to serve you; you are to fix his wages—what he is worth; if he is insubordinate, there is the Provost Marshal. No contract—no law—no equity of agreement. The negro is a serf, punishable at the will, hireable at the will of the government. No manhood. Now, if the proclamation had made a man, then, like the laborer at Port Royal, under Boston influences, he might make his own contract; but there is no negro in Louisiana allowed either to make a contract or choose his residence—not one.

Again, the negro has been summoned into the army. As a white man, I confess that the most humiliating hour that I ever lived, Abolitionist as I am, was when twenty million of white men, having ground the negro to powder under their proud heels for two hundred years, were obliged, in the death-grapple with the South, to get down and ask the negro to help them fight (applause). But that was only humiliating; what followed was infamous. The Southerner hung him, shot him, bayoneted him, sold him into slavery, treated him like a brute—covered with the blue uniform of the United States. To the farthest borders of Christendom, men listened for one word from the Capitol, and it was dumb. Again, and again, and again, the midnight massacre made the world thrill with horror; and the government was dumb. At last, stirred to fiendish atrocity, white men and black went down in a common massacre under the walls of Fort Pillow; and then at last was launched from the evasive lips of the President the announcement, "If I could only find a case!" "Find a case!" When had the government made a step of a single inch toward trying to find one? When, with the amplest means in its possession, had it opened one single document, examined one single witness? One Admiral, whose son falls by a guerilla bullet, and tumbles into an unknown grave, quits his post at Charleston, like a true father, the gunboats of the nation are at his service, and he scours the Virginia waters, while we make search through all her hamlets to find news of the dead body of his child. Well done! But when did a single government official, civil or military quit his post an instant, give up his routine an hour, to find out what became of the massacred soldiers at Port Hudson, or of the dead, brutally bayoneted men at Fort Wagner? Not one! I arraign that speech of the President as the foulest insult to the black race ever uttered on this continent (applause, and some hisses). The head of the Confederacy, in the face of Europe, repudiated the money debts of Mississippi, and the world wrote "Repudiator" on his forehead. This government has repudiated a debt infinitely more binding—the debt of honor to the men whom it had summoned to its side, with halters round their necks, and history will write "Repudiator" on the forehead of the United States.

I speak as an American citizen, as one of a people who, having called that victim race to their side, and covered it with the United States uniform, deserted it. Now, where do you find the explanation? They have not acknowledged the manhood of the negro. Admiral Dahlgren's son was a man; the white officers that disappear in sickly jails are men, and the government follows them. The vigilant eye and long arm of the War Department searches for them amid the filth and disease of the Libby Prison, and picks them out, man by man, and carries home even the remains to the mother's heart. Not one negro has ever been sought for, much less found.

But take a different view. Our resolutions say, with great reason, "Thanks to Attorney-General Bates that he has found out that the law of Congress puts the black soldier on a level with the white." I thank him also. But at whose suggestion did he find it out? At whose instance did the indifference of the government move? I will tell you. At the instance of the Governor of Massachusetts—tireless, indefatigable, incessant in his appeals to the government to protect the men whom the broad seal of the Commonwealth had summoned into the service of the nation (loud applause). And yet, if the Administration had had a heart; if the Administration had recognized the manhood of the negro, could not they have seen the law as well as Attorney-General Bates? The lawyers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, the legal profession all through the nation, and Mr. Sumner at the Senate Board, a year ago, asserted, "that law covers the black man as well as the white"; and now, April, 1864, Attorney-General Bates says so. Where was the hitch? Why did not the rest of the government see it? Had they eyes? Yes; but there are certain things you cannot see without a heart, and the Administration had no heart behind its eyes (applause). The law was just as clear when Col. Shaw fell at Fort Wagner as it is to-day. Massachusetts saw it; the Senate saw it; the legal profession saw it; the only one who could not see it was the pilot who demands that we shall choose him, a second time, to pilot us through the coming storm.

I contend that in all these cases, the government has shown a willingness to let the white race and the black race, and their relations, remain, after this war, as nearly what they were before, as possible. That is really the philosophy of the Administration. What McClellan was on the battle-field—"Do as little hurt as possible!"—that Lincoln is in civil affairs—"Make as little change as possible!"

You may think I am unjust to the Administration; but I have a right, as an American citizen, to say whether my interests and my future shall be committed to such a philosophy, announced this very month in accordance with the wishes of Kentucky, to conciliate slaveholders. "Touch slavery the last thing; touch it the least possible." Very well. If we were at war with France, I should not care much for the philosophy; bullets would settle it. But when I get back Louisiana on this principle, what have I got back? Let me tell you a story. The last fortnight, there were in Boston two representatives of the free colored men of Louisiana—Messrs. Bertonneau and Roudanez. In 1862, Butler said to them: "I cannot defend New Orleans—help me!" They gave him 4,000 men; and I heard Butler say, with his own lips, "They saved me the city." In 1863, Gen. Banks summoned a commission to insult them out of office. Like military men, on every principle of military etiquette, they gave up their commissions. In August, 1863, Shepley said (Banks was at Port Hudson), just as Butler did, that he was unable to defend the city, and said, "White men, help me!" No response. He said to the civil employees of the government, "Volunteer for thirty days to defend the government in this emergency, or you lose your offices"; and nine-tenths of those men, who had eaten the bread of the government for eighteen months, resigned rather than defend the stars and stripes! That is the Unionism of the whites of New-Orleans! Then said Shepley to the black men, whom Banks had insulted out of office, "Save me!" and in seventy hours they gave him two thousand men (applause). He put them into the forts, kept them in the service forty days, saved the city until Banks's return, and then mustered them out, finding every man in debt to the government $6.97 for having saved it! When it was done, the blacks said, "The money is nothing. It seems strange that, having saved the third city in the empire, we should all be owing the nation—but no matter. You say you have twice made us save the city in spite of the Confederates. You are about to reconstruct the Union. Now, having made us twice anger the white, don't leave us to his mercy. We will make our own way to liberty, only give us the ballot. You thought our hands fit for the musket, when you needed it; in Heaven's name give us the ballot when we need it!" Banks said No; the President said No. The State is to be reconstructed by white men, who went up into the steeples to ask God that they might kiss the bars that they saw in the city—they are to vote, and the black man, who saved the steeples for us, is to be under their heels! And that is the government.

Now, if we could have Louisiana on that basis, I would be the last man to criticise; but we cannot. You never can make this nation one by force. It was possible in 1861, when, as I think, one half of the South was Union and the other half Confederate. The great Crittenden resolution of July, 1861, was based on that idea—that a large body of Southern white men were on our side, and only wanted to be assured that we meant to be conciliatory, and they would show themselves. Possibly it might have been so; but we can never know now, because every month of the war has built up a Confederate sentiment, angered, embittered, confirmed against us. Jefferson Davis made a rebellion; it was all he could make. Abraham Lincoln made a Confederacy; no man but he could have made it (hisses). Well, if it is not true, disprove it! (Applause.) The Crittenden resolution was passed, as I believe, on the sound basis, that the South had been hurried, against her will, into rebellion. Fremont's statesmanlike word echoed over Missouri (applause). Had it been seconded, with that element at the South, and similar enthusiasm at the North, we might have beaten out the rebellion in six or nine months, and had a South not thoroughly alienated from us. But the men who have lost their sons, their property, their houses, who have seen the loved form of their States beaten to ashes—these men are to-day Confederates from anger who were once Unionists from old association. Three years of war have grouted that which was merely a temporary rebellion into a planted confederacy, and it is the slowness and indifference of the government that have done it. To-day, therefore, the man who takes the helm of the vessel of State in his hand has a ten-fold harder work to do than Abraham Lincoln had in March 1861, for he has got the South, as far as such a thing can be, unanimous against him. You cannot reconstruct this Union on the loyalty of the white men of the South; there is nothing of it. You may conquer them down to New Orleans; you may cover Virginia with the best blood of the North and of the South both, and when it is over, the South will hate you worse than before. You must reconstruct these States on the loyalty of somebody. How shall it be done? There are but two ways. One is to keep them Territories for twenty years, until this generation dies out; until the temptations of business, until the patronage of the government, until new associations, until the immigration of Northern mercantile interests shall replace that white population. Then you may do it. But in the meantime, you must keep one half of this country under the form of Territories, and trust the government with despotic power. I tremble for such an experiment. In the hands of such men as some we have seen in the Presidential chair, I should give up all hope of ever again seeing a Republic. The only other way to reconstruct the Union and save Republican institutions is to reconstruct it on the only loyal basis that exists—the blacks (applause). If there are not 10,000 white men in New Orleans who will vote for us, as there are not (Gen. Banks had to press his own soldiers up to the ballot-box to make out that number), then take the 400,000 blacks—give them a vote—link them to the fortunes of the Union—acknowledge the manhood of the black man till the white man is converted (applause).

But I have spoken a great deal longer than I have any right. Whatever I have to say further I will add at some future session.

The PRESIDENT—Perhaps the Chair will be pardoned for a single remark, before introducing the next speaker. Our friend Phillips has said, very truly, that the American people have laid down the principle, that once in four years they mean to look their Administration in the face, and see if it is worth while to change it. But they have not committed themselves to the one term principle—they have not been so foolish as that; they say that every four years they will look and see whether they will change their President or not; but they hold to the principle that they may keep him in office for eight, twenty or fifty years, if he and they live long enough, and they like each other well enough (applause). So they are coming together this season to look at him; and I can only express the conviction of my own mind, that when they shall come together, and shall look the fact in the face, that no man in this nation is now so hated and detested by the rebels of the South and all at the North who sympathize with the rebels, as ABRAHAM LINCOLN, they will make up their minds that he will do to "run the machine" four years longer (enthusiastic applause and cheers).

A VOICE—Butler is more hated.

The PRESIDENT continued — Grant that there are many sad things to look in the face; grant that the whole of justice has not yet been done to the negro; grant that here and there there are things which are to be deplored and to be redressed; still, looking at the question broadly, and comprehensively, and philosophically, I think the people will ask another question—whether they themselves have been one hair's-breadth in advance of Abraham Lincoln? (Applause.) Whether they are not conscious that he has not only been fully up with him, but, on the whole, a little beyond them? (Applause.) As the stream cannot rise higher than the fountain, so the President of the United States, amenable to public sentiment, could not, if he wished to do it, transcend public sentiment in any direction (applause). For my own part, when I remember the trials through which he has passed, the perils which have surrounded him—perils and trials unknown to any man, in any age of the world, in official station—when I remember how fearfully corrupt was the public sentiment of the North, to say nothing of the South—when I remember what he has had to deal with—when I remember how nearly a majority, even at this hour, is the seditious element of the North—and then remember that Abraham Lincoln has struck the chains from the limbs of more than three millions of slaves (applause); that he has expressed his earnest desire for the total abolition of slavery; that he has implored the Border States to get rid of it; that he has recognized the manhood and citizenship of the colored population of our country; that [illegible] and recognized them as soldiers under the flag; when I remember that this Administration has recognized the independence of Liberia and Hayti; when I remember that it has struck a death-blow at the foreign slave-trade by granting the right of search; when I remember that we have now nearly reached the culmination of our great struggle for the suppression of the rebellion and its cause, I do not feel disposed, for one, to take this occasion, or any occasion, to say anything very harshly against Abraham Lincoln (loud and prolonged applause).

Now let me say, that we have been in the habit of calling the Attorney-General of the United States a "fossil," an "old fogie"; but it is a Scriptural command to "give credit to whom credit is due, and honor to whom honor is due," even if he be an "old fossil." Whatever Gov. Andrew may have done—all thanks to him!—I think we are to look at the man who actually did the act, who stands historically as the man who did it. Whatever may have been done by individuals to urge on the government or the Attorney-General to a righteous decision, he has done two things which should make him, and will make him, honorable in the history of the United States. He has dared, in the face of the Supreme Court, with Judge Taney at its head, to declare that every colored man is a citizen of the United States (applause); and he has also declared, that between white soldiers and black soldiers there is, there must be, and there can be, no inequality, but that all should stand on the same level, and receive the same reward. If fossilism can do so well as that, let us be thankful, and let radicalism do better if it can (applause).

I have now the pleasure of introducing one whose citizenship has been recognized by the Attorney-General of the United States, in behalf of the President and his Administration—Prof. WM. H. DAY.

Speech of W. Howard Day.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS: The time has so far elapsed, that it becomes me to speak but briefly. There seems hardly any need of me here, judging from the speeches of the noble men who have just addressed you. Their statement of the wrongs to the colored race has been so full, that the blackest man among us could not state it better. I appreciate all which the first speaker (Mr. Phillips) said so well. I enter fully into the criticisms—the severe criticisms—so needed and so just—of the state of things to-day; and for my interest in the people with whom I am identified, I would not lessen the force of those words, for I feel their truth. But I appreciate also the position of your President (Mr. Garrison), who has just addressed you, and feel with him that much of the failure of Mr. Lincoln to do duty is owing to the failure of the people of the land whose agent he is. Do we complain that Mr. Lincoln and the government do not recognize the manhood of the negro? Let us find the cause of that in the people at home. Just so long as citizens of New York exclude respectable colored persons from railway cars on the streets; just so long as the people of the city exclude the colored children from the ward schools, and force the colored children from several wards together, on the ground of color merely; just so long as even in some of the churches of the city there are negro pews—just so long is there evidence that the people themselves do not recognize the manhood of the black man of this country.

Though the nation has been cast into the crucible of War, with waves of Death sweeping, for three years past, through our very hearts, the Nation has yet to learn one of the first truths proclaimed by this organization—namely, that everywhere and at any time emancipation in little or large numbers is a safe policy. And I deem it fitting upon this Thirty-first Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society to note the fact that to-day we have a perfect vindication of your principles, if not of all your policy—to point to the realization of the great truth of the safety of emancipation, vindicated, without exception, in every case of thorough emancipation around the world. In 1794, in St. Domingo, Cayenne, Guadaloupe and Martinique; in 1810, in Canada; in 1811, in Java; in 1815, in Ceylon; in 1816, in Buenos Ayres; in 1819, in St. Helena; in 1821, in Colombia and Chili; in 1823, in Cape Colony; in 1825, in Malacca; in 1826, in Bolivia and the Southern Provinces of Burmah; in 1828, in Peru, Guatemala and Monte Video; 1834, in the British Isles in the Caribbean Sea; and since, in British India and other places too numerous to mention. It may not be known to you, that even in Canada, now so free, African slavery existed, and from 1803 to 1810, the poor slave groaned there as he has since groaned here. They then ran to the United States for protection in freedom, as since, to the number of fifty thousand, the United States slaves have run to Canada. There they toiled and pined—unheeded by even the Governors of the land, until a Governor came from England who understood England's principles. He appealed to the Chief Justice of Montreal to declare the law—and that Chief Justice going back to 1772, declared slavery to be so incompatible with British law, that immediately every slave in Canada must go free. Those thousands thus introduced to manhood united with the fifty [illegible] escaped slaves of this country have wrought [illegible] their claim to manhood has been vindicated. Of thirty thousand cases examined into, we find [illegible] twenty-seven thousand of these new-made freemen have had no aid for their physical wants from any source whatever. A vindication, Mr. President, of themselves and of your principles as well. The principles of equality for human beings in the church and before the law of the land urged by your Society in the early day, were responded to by the cry, "Let the blacks show themselves capable—it is not in them to rise." Here was another vindication from their own hands of their manhood disputed, denied, and of the truth of your principles.

Another point is, that the United States have been [illegible] exception to the rule. Take even Louisiana, where as Mr. Phillips justly complains, serfdom has been substituted for slavery, and we find even there the manhood of the black man and his fitness for freedom vindicated. Col. Hawks, Superintendent of Labor at New Orleans, says: "The Free Labor movement brought [illegible] twelve thousand refugees at public expense. Subsequently, conquests swelled the number to 20,000 [illegible] an able-bodied man is there who does not support himself. Only two hundred (and these include 60 orphans) who are supported." It becomes me to be brief, considering that we are all anxious to hear the gentleman who is to follow me—and I omit other facts he gives as to schools, etc. For the same reason, I omit special reference to the West Indies.

These points which have risen up in the pathway of the nation and have become facts, the American Anti-Slavery Society fully believed, in its inception. They urged them, therefore, with might and main. Charged with infidelity as was this organization, it yet used Christian weapons to urge its work. The burden of all was the negro's manhood. The first Biblical truths I have remembered—truths burnt more deeply than others into my memory — were words read at these Anniversary Meetings, as read to-day, by the Garrisonian President of this Society, from the Book of Books, the Word of God. He pointed us through them, away back to the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai, where God, with his finger dipped in flame, wrote himself anti-slavery, saying, "I am the Lord thy God which brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage: thou shalt have no other gods before me"—to the fact that the [illegible] verse of the following chapter makes him who said: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made He man"—also to say: "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand he shall surely be put to death" —thus making the right to life and the right to liberty paramount and inalienable. That Jesus proclaimed it when he said: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That Peter thundered it forth on the astonished ears of the haughty Jew—"Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." That Paul attested the love he had for liberty by saying, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds.*" And that voice has been going around the world, like a wave of fire, licking up the despotisms of the world, but yet, through this society and by other means, [illegible] to whisper in the ear of the bleeding bondman—"Thou thyself also art a man!" This manhood thus vindicated by the friends of the black man, and the black man himself, deserves a mention by us to-day. At this Thirty-first Anniversary, we can point to results as they stand up proudly in the pathway of the nation. Thus the colored people have risen despite the objection to their color, despite all obstacles, by the help of their friends and by self help, by events, by war rolling its red waves through half a million hearts and homes, sweeping out the jewels in those hearts and homes and burying them out of sight, until they shall be taken up to make up His jewels—but at the same time purging the issues of national life, and preparing them to be issues for national freedom. In accord with the first resolution proposed to-day, I reverently recognize the hand of God, and thank him for his faithfulness to the poor bound slave. Thanks for war even, if it bring liberty. In the colored people's name, whom, in part, I represent, I thank you, Mr. President, for your earnest and able support in their uplifting. Thanks, that amid obloquy, danger, and death, you were unawed. Thanks, that in the Old World and in the New you *would* be heard. May you long live to enjoy the blessings of a country truly free! And when the closing hours of your benevolent, eventful life shall have come they will be surrounded with a halo of glory all the more brilliant, because you labored to release those whom others had bound, and to lift up to the light the poorest man of America.

What shall I say to your coadjutors upon this platform—one of whom has preceded, and the other of whom will follow me? *Par nobile fratrum.* One in the Old World and the other in the New. Both the polished, unbending defenders of liberty here—both the implacable foes of tyranny everywhere. But for George Thompson, I may add, that India in the West and India in the East—Great Britain in the mists of the North and this great nation, the child of Great Britain, in the clear sky of the farther south will, together, weave a chaplet for him while living, and will strew roses upon his grave when dead, because in every land he did what he could in the homes of the rich and the huts of the poor, to give liberty back to the world as she came from God, fair and pure as an angel, unmarred by sorrow, untouched by crime, unfettered by chains.

To all the members of this Society—to the men and women—from a full heart, and from a people whose hearts are full, thanks, thanks, to all.

But, in conclusion, from this table-land of rest this morning, we see all over the vast plains before us, that there is work to be done. It is well to look backward over the work of thirty-one years, but we must look forward, as well. There is work to be done. Slavery is not dead yet—for all the songs we hear chanted over its grave—and your work, sir, and mine, and the work of all of us, is to throttle it where it lives, and give it no quarter until we drive it from the land. Your national danger, as has been well intimated, is not rebellion—that can be met and overthrown—but the manner of dealing with the rebellion. Your danger is not slavery merely as against liberty—for slavery would always go under. J. M. Mason, the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, when visiting, years ago, a house in New Jersey where I slept the other night, admitted that Slavery and Liberty were not equals—but that the thrift of the North was the thrift of Freedom. Slavery must thus always go under. That, therefore, is not your danger, but this—the manner of dealing with slavery.

I have been asked to describe slavery. If I were a painter I would attempt it. I would erect in the corner there a huge engine, working from daylight to dark and from dark to daylight, busy, busy, busy with its iron arms crushing the body and the soul. I would place beyond it the remains of the victims who have already passed through the machine—[illegible] has it destroyed its millions—and even now there are hundreds of thousands chained for its murderous purposes. And yet the work goes on! Listen as its ponderous wheels creak over the bones of innocent men and women, and children. And there I would [illegible] a pool nearly filled with clotted blood, that its stench might come up continually to remind us of the cruelties of slavery. And there I would make the entrance to a tomb and part prison, leading on and on to the Mexican Gulf. With the living slave I would place the mangled remains, the hearts [illegible] affection, the unrealized desire, the hope for freedom, the aspiration for a higher existence, the manhood. I would raise over it a mound, and I would picture some one like Lovejoy, and Work, and Burr, and Thompson, and Torrey, and John Brown, walking among the graves, rolling away

the stone from the door of the prison-sepulchre, and setting in the light of freedom. And there I would show relentless persecution following them: Lovejoy with a rifle, Work and Torrey with a penitentiary sentence, George Thompson and others with mobs, and Wm Lloyd Garrison with a rope around his neck, and a prison for his home. I would erect in the centre there a heartless, hellish image, with a giant's strength, a scorpion's sting, and a hyena's heart, to clutch each of us as we entered those doors, and in his lap a huge cup to receive your hard earnings, as the daily demand of the demon to sustain his system. I would crown him king. I would then close up every window here but one, that the work of darkness might go on, with only light enough to make it more dismal. I would then go up and down the land, and bring men and women to see it as it is—until its impression should be daguerreotyped upon the soul—until men and women should feel that liberty is above all price, and that slavery must die.

All would unite with us in saying then—

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no traces where it stood;
Nor longer let its idol drink
Its daily cup of human blood;
But rear another altar there,
To truth, and love, and mercy given—
And Freedom's gift and Freedom's prayer
Shall call an answer down from Heaven."

The PRESIDENT—If there is a white man in this assembly who thinks he can make a more eloquent speech than that, let the prodigy stand up and show himself to our astonished gaze (applause). How true it is, that, whatever his complexion may be, "a man's a man for a' that!" and our friend who has just taken his seat has proved himself to be a man, from head to foot. We are now about taking up a collection, and while we are doing so, the choir will sing another hymn, and then we shall hear our friend, GEORGE THOMPSON; and while he is speaking, we will "take no note of time," but from its loss."

The following hymn was then sung:

God made all his creatures free;
Life itself is liberty;
God ordained no other bands
Than united hearts and hands.

Sin the primal charter broke—
Sin itself earth's heaviest yoke;
Tyranny with sin began,
Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

But a better day shall be,
Life again be liberty,
And the wide world's only bands
Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.

The PRESIDENT—Now, friends, a single word; for after the splendid and just eulogium passed upon the friend at my side by Mr. Day, nothing else is really needed. But, in a word: in 1833, when I was in England, and saw and heard GEORGE THOMPSON advocate the cause of the slaves of the West Indies, and saw that their emancipation was nearly consummated at that time, believing that, if he would come over to our country, he could aid us in a yet more glorious work of emancipating slaves on a still larger scale, I invited him on my own responsibility, to come. I had nothing to offer him; no reward, no compensation, no chance of having any fair treatment; but to come and look evil in the face, to come and be scoffed at and hounded down wherever he might travel—nothing else. And his love of humanity and liberty and our country, came; and he came to experience more than I ever conceived in regard to the satanic persecution which followed him wherever he went. He took his life in his hand, and it was by miracle he escaped at last; his friends had to force him out of the country to save his life. He came again, to find public sentiment somewhat altered, but still very bitter and malevolent on the whole; and now he has come a third time. O, what a change is indicated by his coming! (Applause.) How cheering and how glorious! These are bright days, not dark ones; these are full of hope and of glory; for whereas, in Boston and in Massachusetts he was formerly hunted for his life, on his coming this time, Massachusetts and Boston make the *amende honorable*, in the person of Gov. Andrew, in Music Hall, welcoming GEORGE THOMPSON as the friend of America and of liberty throughout the world (loud applause). In this city he was received with the strongest demonstrations of regard, Gen. Fremont doing himself great honor in presiding on the occasion (applause). Then Mr. Thompson proceeded to Philadelphia, and then to Washington, where the President of the United States, the Vice-President, and the most distinguished members of both Houses of Congress, united in giving him a cordial, honorable welcome, recognizing his labors in the past, and claiming him to be the friend of America and free institutions. I now introduce GEORGE THOMPSON.

Speech of George Thompson.

Mr. Thompson, on rising, was greeted with the most cordial and hearty applause, and was evidently laboring under strong emotion when he began to speak. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is extremely embarrassing for me to attempt to speak under circumstances like the present. There have been times in the past when my humble labors, in the midst of contumely and persecution, may have been of some slight service to the great cause; but I come to you now under such different circumstances, and find myself so continually made the subject of eulogistic remark, that I scarcely ever rise to speak when I have not first to overcome the embarrassment which is caused by the necessity laid upon me of listening to commendations of my poor services which I feel that I cannot appropriate.

I well remember the time to which Mr. Garrison alludes. It is about thirty-one years ago since he, an American, and I, an Englishman, shook hands upon the pavement of a street in London. I dare say he has not forgotten that day. I can never forget it, for it decided the current of my future life. Had we not met there then, we should never have met to-day here. It was that meeting that brought me to your shores; and now that I stand once more upon the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society, I cannot say that I feel myself a stranger. This Society was talked of with me, and frequently, before it was brought into existence. When it was formed, at that ever memorable gathering in the city of Philadelphia, and when its Declaration of Sentiments was adopted and published, I took that Declaration of Sentiments and carried it through the length and breadth of my native country, and I made the names of the illustrious men and women who adopted and subscribed that document familiar as household words in the homes of England; and when I came to this country, and before I had been a week in it, in a place very near to this, and in a small back room, there sat the now venerable and venerated Arthur Tappan, and the gentleman who sits at my side (Mr. John Rankin)—whom I recognize with unspeakable pleasure to-day, for his house was the first into which I was received in this country (applause)—there, in that small room, at the hands of Mr. Arthur Tappan, and subscribed by the officers of the Society—Mr. Rankin at that time being one—I received my credentials as an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society. As its agent, and performing the duties of a devoted and most obedient agent, I remained in this country, until that time came which has been referred to by Mr. Garrison, when, not from any shrinking on my part, but too much love on the part of my friends, I left their country for my own. I call the members of this Society to witness, that wherever I have been, I have stood by that Society unswervingly, upholding its principles and doing justice to its fidelity under all circumstances (applause). The principles of that Society were mine before it came into existence; I had carried those principles through Great Britain, and their triumph was drawing near when that meeting took place between me and my friend to which both he and I have made reference. By those principles you have stood, unchanging and true, to the present hour. For this, you are honored. The men and the women of this Society, who were with it in its earliest existence, and have remained with it until this hour, are honored in England as no other men and women are honored among us (applause); and if you want to evoke the shouts and plaudits of an English assembly, utter not the names that stand highest among you in literature, in art, in politics, or in wealth—no, but speak the name of some humble man or humble woman, who, taking his or her life in their hands, has gone forth and for thirty years proclaimed in the ears of this nation the great principle on which this association stands to day—slavery is a crime in the sight of God, and ought therefore to be immediately, utterly, and universally abolished! [Applause.]

I come again, and what do I see? When I left you, slavery appeared so enthroned, so ubiquitous, so omnipotent in your land, that it seemed as though nothing could shake it. In Church and State, in politics and religion, in the mart and in the exchange, in the school room and in the college, everywhere, slavery was predominant, slavery was absolute. I come again, and find all changed. You were one; you are two. You were a congeries of commonwealths, but one confederate Republic; you are now divided into the United States and the Confederate States; you have two Presidents, two Constitutions, two Congresses, two armies. All is divided. What has done this? Slavery—simply and solely, *slavery!* And it was necessary and natural that it should be so. Mr. Phillips, by the use of one of those striking images which no man knows so well how to use as himself, has shown you that you attempted, in the beginning, to reconcile things which were in their nature wholly irreconcilable, antagonistic, always and ever at war. You were trying to unite good with evil; light with darkness; truth with falsehood; Christ with Belial; the divine spirit of freedom with the infernal spirit of slavery. You tried to do this. You were shown repeatedly that the thing was impossible; still you tried again. You conceded, you compromised, you consented, you supported, you were accomplices, you were abettors, you would learn no lesson; and so at last the system that you thought to uphold and to perpetuate has been smitten—smitten as with the lightnings of heaven, and you must build again. How you should build again, my honored friend, and the most gifted champion of the negro, has shown you this morning. God grant that his advice may be taken! [Applause.] No more compromise; no more acknowledgment of the right of property in man; no more degradation of an immortal, rational creature of God down to the condition of four-footed beasts—a chattel personal. No; be it done sooner or later—be it done by Mr. Lincoln or by his successor, it must be done. You must finish the work you have begun. You must "lay righteousness to the line and judgment to the plummet," and you must present the negro of America to the eye of man and of angels like yourselves—a man; nothing better, and nothing worse [loud applause].

I thank Mr. Phillips for his speech this morning. I am not going to refer to his criticisms, to say how far they are necessary or justified; but I thank him for this, that throughout his speech, it was not that he opposed Mr. Lincoln or his Administration so much as that he loved the negro and the cause of justice above everything, and would save the cause of the negro from peril and disaster [applause]. But we in England are wont to deal with public men somewhat—I will not say more justly, for that would be to impugn the justice of the criticisms of Mr. Lincoln—but permit me to say we judge them more leniently. I, through thirty-five years of incessant agitation, have learned this lesson, that men in office cannot always do what they would (applause). Now, do not imagine that I am going to make a Presidential speech, to nominate a candidate, to counsel you as to the course you should pursue, or to act the presumptuous part of an adviser in respect to your nominations in the pending election campaign. Far from it. Such matters belong to you and not to me. My prayer is that you may choose the right man; a man as much better than Mr. Lincoln as a man may be; but I pray Heaven he may not be a worse (applause). But you will perhaps allow me to say that we have been taught in England to judge somewhat leniently of men after they get into office. Some few friends of mine, during the last three years, have gone into the Cabinet, become part and parcel of the Administration. I do not think them worse men than they were before; I do not think they have abandoned their principles. I think they love the old cause to which they were formerly devoted, but I know they have been much hampered and fettered by going into office. I know that from the moment they entered office, felt its responsibilities, and found they had to administer the government for the entire country, to consult the wishes, opinions and views of all men, to balance the strength and influence of one party over against the strength and influence of another, to do justice to their opponents as well as to their friends, to work with the elements that they had, and not with the elements that they had not, that they had clashing interests to reconcile, and conflicting counsels to listen to, they learned that while it was very easy, upon the opposition bench, to arraign the incumbent Prime Minister, and those in possession of power, and exceedingly pleasant to deliver eloquent denunciations upon abstract principles, and demand great, sweeping and uncompromising reforms, it was another and very different thing to discharge their duties honestly and efficiently, and at the same time advance in some humble degree the cause to which they had been devoted when out of office (loud applause).

I will take, by way of illustration, the case of a man who comes nearer to an American in his idea of the beau ideal of political institutions any Englishman I know, save one—I mean John Bright (loud applause). John Bright goes for "God and Democracy." John Bright is not afraid of rebellion, as some people are, whom the very name frights from their propriety. He is not afraid of it. He traces most of the good things we enjoy in England from rebellion. He has looked into the history of your rebellion, and I believe that, like myself, he has exulted in the good that has already resulted to this mighty nation from that rebellion. John Bright is the friend of the working classes of England. He desires to see them enfranchised, and he has from time to time prepared bills, with a view to obtaining acts in Parliament that should enfranchise the unenfranchised masses of the people; and I well remember that upon one occasion, when he had prepared such a bill and resolved to bring it into Parliament, a consultation was held with the members of the Administration and other friends, and being informed by the Administration that they intended to bring forward such a measure, the leading features of which they stated at the meeting, and that, if he brought his in there would be a collision between the one measure and the other, and probably the loss of both, although the measure of the government did not, by any means, go so far as his own, did not meet the whole justice of the case, nor satisfy the demands which the radical party had made, Mr. Bright consented to sacrifice his popularity with his radical friends outside and go with the government, in the hope that, if he could not obtain all he desired, he might at least obtain a measure of justice, and then make the admission of that measure of justice the vantage ground from which to proceed to obtain the whole [applause].

I merely threw this out as a hint. I may tell you, however, how matters look to us on the other side of the water. We judge of the progress of this country by the great points that come out from time to time. Four years ago, as I have said, slavery was omnipotent. It controlled both your domestic and foreign policy; it appointed your ambassadors; it delegated your judges to the bench; in fact, it ruled the country. We look now and see an altered state of things. We look over Europe and see that whereas every one of your employees at foreign courts was formerly a friend and advocate of slavery, every one, be he your respected minister to the Court of St. James, your ministers to the Court of Paris, or Vienna, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg, or your consul at Liverpool, or at London, is now the friend and champion of liberty [applause]. Seeing this, the people of England say, "Things are mightily changed in the United States," and they look upon the man who made those appointments, or the man and Senate together who made them, as men who, unlike their predecessors, are now administering the affairs of your country in the spirit of equal and impartial liberty.

At the beginning of this war, knowing little of the people of this country, and still less of the structure of your government, the nature of your Constitution, the limited powers of your Executive, and the rights of your individual States, they expected that Mr. Lincoln, who had sent these men abroad—men who appeared to be so good and so true—being in the Presidential chair and armed not only with the constitutional powers enjoyed and exercised by every President, but possessing all the powers vested in him, in the last resort, as Commander-in-Chief—they expected, I say, that he would at once abolish slavery. He did not do it. They thought him bound to do it; he did not do it. Contrarywise, they did not like his speech from the steps of the Capitol. They thought it was ten words for the South to one for the North; that there was too much coaxing, promising, cajoling, too much of the spirit of concession; and above all, they thought it strange that the representative of the Republican party should even promise that the Fugitive Slave law, if necessary, should be made more stringent than it was.

Well, they looked again, and there came a voice from America—the official, diplomatic dispatches of Mr. Seward; and they said: "You must not talk against slavery; you must not encourage the idea that slavery will be abolished; you must not tolerate the mention of slavery in your conversation with the ministers of foreign powers; you must declare that this war will not change the status of a single negro; that it will be over in sixty or ninety days"; and they did not like that. Then they did not like to see your newspapers—even Republican newspapers—stigmatizing the Abolitionists as marplots, and declaring that they were disturbing the counsels of Washington, that they were injuring the influence of Mr. Lincoln, that they were preventing men from joining the army, because they were representing that the abolition of slavery was one of the objects of the war. I tell you, even your Republican press did much to repress the sympathy of the English people by their abuse of the Abolitionists. Then there were constant instances of the rendition of fugitive slaves by the soldiers and officers of the United States; and then the modification of Gen. Fremont's proclamation in Missouri, the treatment of Gen. Hunter, Gen. Phelps, and others, the "iron-hand" ordinance of Gen. McClellan in Western Virginia—these things startled the anti-slavery people of England. Their sympathies were ready to gush forth, but they could not find vent, while as yet it seemed, not only that you were not going to abolish slavery through this war, but that you were ready at any time to fling over the black man if you could secure the restoration of the Union and the reëstablishment of the supremacy of the Constitution.

Shall I tell you when it was that the reaction in your favor took place? It commenced with the message of your President of the 7th of March, 1862, when he recommended the passage by Congress of a resolution promising indemnity to the planters of the slave States if, in their State Legislatures, they would take means to abolish slavery. And then you know what a constellation of measures gathered around that first measure. The abolition of slavery in the district; then the salvation of those great North-western territories, from the pollution and curse of slavery; and then the recognition of Hayti and Liberia, so that either of these black Republics, their nationality now recognized by the government, might send their swarthiest representative to Washington, and might enter the presence of the President on the occasion of a levee, and stand on a footing of perfect equality with the palest and the proudest representatives, of the oldest monarchies of Europe [applause]. Then came other measures, countermanding the order that fugitive slaves should be delivered up; the Confiscation law; the preliminary proclamation of September, 1862, and when that past, and weeks went by, and the hundred days of grace had nearly passed, without the South availing herself of the proffered amnesty—as every well-informed man in England knew she would not—we did not wait for the mail to bring us the news that President Lincoln had confirmed that proclamation. No, we held watch meetings over the length and breadth of England—one great meeting was held in Free Trade Hall, in Manchester, and another in Sheffield—and kept up the discussion on American affairs until 12 o'clock, and then thanked God that there were three million less slaves in the United States than there had been on the 31st of December, 1862 [loud applause].

Now the message that I have from England to you, I can deliver in one word. They ask you to carry on this good work to completion. They ask you to do all that Mr. Phillips has said should be done; to give to the negro in the United States the rights that he now possesses in the West Indies, where he is not only free from oppressive chains, but where he can become a freeholder and a voter, claim and obtain a seat in the representative assembly, become Secretary of the Governor of Jamaica, Mayor of Kingston, and be knighted by the Queen. And I am not now quoting things that may be, but things that have been, as your President well knows. They ask you to put the negro in this position. It is for you as Americans to judge through what man or Administration it shall be done; but this I say—and I say it with some knowledge of the state of things in my own country—that for what he has already accomplished and made sure, Mr. Lincoln has won for himself universal gratitude and universal praise; and there is not a name to conjure with so powerful in England as the name of Abraham Lincoln [enthusiastic applause]. I thank God for men like him, to rid your land of this curse and scandal. I thank God for men like Wendell Phillips [loud applause], who will stand upon the platform and say what he has said this morning. That Republic will never fail that has a man like Wendell Phillips, and many more to follow his advice, so that the time may come when slavery shall cease, the proscription of the black man shall cease, the debt shall be paid, the tears shall be wiped away, and America, from North to South, from East to West, shall be hallowed ground, with neither a tyrant wielding a cart-whip nor a negro wearing a chain [prolonged applause].

Speech of Lucretia Mott.

I shall detain the meeting but a few moments. I only wish to express the great interest I have taken in the several speeches that have been made, and to say that I wanted one word should be added, before the meeting closed, in behalf of the warfare which has been carried on by this Society from this platform, and which has resulted, as I believe, in the great change of public sentiment which has been alluded to. The evils of this war were very forcibly presented in the early hour of this meeting, but, as was well expressed, they are inevitable, because we know that war, being of evil, must produce evil, and that continually; still, I would say, I had hoped that better things would accompany our salvation, and the salvation of the country, so that another generation, following this, might be born into a Republic far transcending the Republic that grew out of the Revolutionary war; because the war is now carried on by a people differing very much from the people of that time: an intelligent, instructed people, who have had the advantages of a Republic so far, and when peace shall be restored, they will be prepared to come forward and act unitedly to remove the many evils and wrongs that remain, and the mighty debt which has accumulated in the nation. And then the war has not been a warfare of brute force merely, and the materials that will be brought in with which to build up the Republic will be very different from the materials that were at command after the first war of our country. We shall have a free, liberated people, rather than an agreement that a large portion shall still be held as slaves; there will not be, therefore, that great drawback to our nation's prosperity. Let us, then, hope that in spite of the evils of this war, there is a day approaching when the Republic will be better understood, and the principles of a truly Christian Democracy better carried out, than ever before. So help us God!

Then, again, in the warfare, as it has been carried on, the Administration has been not only at Washington. It has been acknowledged here that woman has had something to do with it; that woman has been coöperating in the warfare which has been going on. I am desirous that our Anti-Slavery Society, in its annual meetings, and in all its meetings, should keep the standard of liberty and truth high as in the beginning; and if in thus holding it up, it shall become the duty of men like Wendell Phillips to present the errors and short-comings of the Administration, let them do it; and let us rejoice that we, as a Society, are not part and parcel of the Government, the Administration, or the Cabinet, not even as John Bright was, that we are not responsible, that we have not any load upon our shoulders that shall tend in any way to make us compromise. Let us be careful how we commit ourselves, as a body, as a Society, to one candidate or another. We are in danger of becoming partisans in our feelings, by holding up one man or crying down another, any further than their acts warrant us in doing. I wish we could hold up Fremont a little more for the act he did (applause), but I am glad to hear Abraham Lincoln held up, as we have just now, for the many things that he has done; and where he has fallen short, it is our duty to rebuke him. It is our duty to ourselves to keep the standard high, and to bring the acts of all classes, even of Kings and Governors to the test of that standard.

I only rose with the desire to express this, and to hold out the hope that we are coming to a great and glorious day, when, I believe, whatever belongs to the great moral warfare of the nation will be commended, not to us, a handful of Abolitionists merely, but to the great heart of the people. A proof of this is seen in the willingness, on the part of the people, to sign petitions and send them forth, and to join in the battle, armed with the full armor of God; not depending on carnal weapons—knowing, however, that these things must needs be, in a government based, as ours is, and as all nations are, upon the sword—not depending on horses and chariots, but depending on the Lord God; and, going forth with these weapons, we know they will be effective. Let our faith be firm, then, that they will ever be effective; we can never anticipate fearful, deplorable results from such a warfare, because it has its origin in God, in goodness, in love, in plainness of speech, in justice and mercy and truth.

I never had anything more to confirm my faith in the infinite and the eternal than the success of our weapons of warfare, wielded as they have been, morally, in season and out of season, full of fight as we have been, using the severest language that our dictionary could furnish us with, or that our thoughts could bring forth to describe the monster slavery. I remember that Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in his first work, almost—"Thoughts on Colonization"—remarked that when Clarkson wrote against the African slave trade, how vituperative his language was considered. "but now," said he, "when the scorn of the whole civilized world is brought against this iniquitous system, how mild and inefficient do his speeches appear." So with us; we were afraid to use the word "men-stealers" in the beginning; we had been accustomed to speak soft words: but we found that the necessity was laid upon us, *from the fact* that we had to speak of slavery as it was; to hold it up to the utter execration of mankind, and to enlist the pulpit and the press in behalf of the suffering and the dumb. I say it is this great moral warfare that has been carried on that has produced this wonderful change which we are now rejoicing in; and I only desire that we may be just as true as Wendell Phillips has been to-day, not praising men unduly because they have done something, but demanding that they should do the whole. And do not let us be so distrustful of human nature, of the good heart in man, as to suppose that if men have done wrong they have done as nearly right as they could. Why, human nature judges what is right. Let us have confidence in the human heart. Why, even *The Herald* came out in defence of Fremont's proclamation, and the people were ready to say Amen! But we are too much accustomed yet, as our friend said they are in England, to honor people in office. We know them—we know how loyal they are, but we, the people here, we are the administration. Woman is taking her place,—here is Susan B. Anthony calling attention to the Women's National League—and the man and women united, the people united, are to become the administration of our country, and then we shall look on these petty servants of ours that are in office, and while we shall give them all the honor they deserve, we shall feel that we must honor most MAN; MAN, wherever he is found; MAN—the black man and the white man; yes, and WOMAN, too (applause).

The choir and audience then united in singing the Doxology, which closed the exercises of the morning.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

THE BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

THE pressure upon our columns, through the demands of the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society upon them, must prevent our treating of the present hopeful military situation with the fullness which its great importance demands. And it is too soon to speak with absolute certainty of the effect which the brilliant successes of this moment may produce upon our political future. The march of Grant, though over a bloody pathway, seems to be onward to victory, while that of Butler, coming towards him from the opposite direction, is lighted up with the brightest success. But it is yet too soon to rejoice in an absolute certainty. The time of putting off the armor is not yet arrived, and while the event is still hovering in the uncertain scale of battle, we can only hope, with an assured trust, that the day is at hand when the right will prevail. Most cordially will every loyal heart unite with the President in the expression of gratitude for what has been already accomplished, in the hope that it is but the foretaste of the final triumph.

Up to the present writing the news is good, and good only, as far as the general progress of the army is concerned. We trust and believe that the metropolis of the Rebellion and Slavery will soon fall into our hands. But we know that this will not and cannot be until after a hard and bitter struggle. The precious blood that has flowed already is but as the first red drops before the storm that is to be encountered before that crowning triumph is won. The farther the rebel army retreat the better is the country for a defensive resistance. We should believe that our arms will prevail, but we must not be confident of a speedy success. The life of the rebellion is staked upon the hazard of this cast, and it will not die without a desperate struggle. The spell which McClellan had thrown over the army of the Potomac is broken at last by the more potent magic of Grant, and new life has been infused into its veins. The great and crowning victories of the war may yet be reserved for it. But we must not expect that the rebellion will be crushed out entirely, even if those victories should be as great as we have now reason to hope that they will be. There are other strongholds, there is an indomitable will; bitter passions were never more passionate, and the war will withdraw into the cotton States, and linger long, and die hard. And for the only sufficient and satisfactory conclusion of the whole matter—the utter and speedy destruction of slavery—it were, doubtless, better so.

But we have no time or space to consider the future which a victorious campaign may open to the nation; still less to speak of the bitter losses which chasten even the warmest flush of victory. Of the bitter grief which will wait upon the army of the dead, with Sedgwick and Wadsworth in its van, it is in vain to speak, though it is not in human nature not to feel them. They have fallen in their duty; they ask for no sorrow; they knew that death was before and around them as they went forward to do their work; but they will receive the meed of a nation's tears and a nation's gratitude. And the fullest proof the nation can make them of its gratitude is to make it sure that they have not died in vain. And this can only be done by such a peace, rounding this war, as shall make such precious sacrifices impossible for the future. A peace which will secure the freedom of all the inhabitants of the land, and destroy forever the tyranny, resting upon the slavery of a part, which so long disgraced and darkened the whole of the region. This reward the nation owes to its martyrs, and it must see to it that no tittle of it is rent away from their graves in the mad conflict of selfish ambition. But of this there will be time to speak after the career of victory is indeed assured and beyond the danger of a check. But it should never be forgotten that many a victory has been cheated of its just effect by the diplomatist that ever follows after the footsteps of the general. This may be the fate of this victory, should it prove to be one, unless the price of eternal vigilance be paid to prevent it.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, AT ITS THIRD DECADE [thirty years from its formation], held in the city of Philadelphia, Dec. 3d and 4th, 1863, with an appendix, and a Catalogue of Anti-Slavery Publications in America, from 1750 to 1863. An octavo pamphlet, of 175 pages. Just published, and for sale at the Anti-Slavery offices, 48 Beekman st., New York; 106 North Tenth st., Philadelphia; and 221 Washington st., Boston. Price, *Fifty Cents.* On receipt of this sum, a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, to any given address.

IMPORTANT QUESTION DECIDED.—The Senate has adopted resolutions, proposed by Mr. Sherman of Ohio, declaring that a quorum of the body consists of a majority of the Senators duly chosen; that if a majority of the Presidential electors, duly appointed and qualified, vote for one person, he is the President; that if the election of President devolves upon the House of Representatives, and the votes of a majority of the States represented in the House are cast for one person, he is the President. All right. We only wish the resolutions had embraced one more point, which seems to be fairly covered by the *principle* on which they rest, viz: that an amendment to the Constitution, duly proposed by Congress, becomes a part of that instrument by the concurrence of two-thirds of the State Legislatures taking part in the determination of the question. This application of the principle endorsed by the Senate would make it easy to adopt the amendment forbidding slavery which has already passed the Senate and is now under consideration in the House. If the voluntary absence from the Senate of representatives from the rebel States cannot be pleaded in limitation of the legislative powers of that body, and if the refusal of those States to take part in the choice of a President cannot be allowed to obstruct an election by the voice of a majority of the States that *do* take part therein, then surely, by parity of reasoning, the right of the loyal States to alter the Constitution is not limited or qualified by the fact that the rebel States refuse or neglect to act upon the subject.

GEORGE THOMPSON IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7th.

MR. EDITOR: A meeting of unusual interest to the Abolitionists of Philadelphia was held on Friday evening, the 6th inst., in the Covenanters' church in Cherry st. in this city. You may remember that thirty years ago George Thompson came to this city to speak to the people on the subject of slavery, and every church and hall was closed against him, excepting this church of the Covenanters in Cherry st., and that in this house, crowded with eager listeners, Philadelphians first listened to his eloquent and faithful words. The congregation who, in those dark and stormy days were so "true to truth and brave for truth" as to open the doors of their house of worship for an anti-slavery meeting, and who, in the interval, have never closed them against the Abolitionists, recently sent an invitation to Mr. Thompson to occupy their pulpit once more, that they and he and the Philadelphia Abolitionists might as fully as possible apprehend and enjoy the wonderful and soul stirring contrast between Then and Now, and might together thank God and take courage. Mr. Thompson gladly accepted the graceful invitation, and the meeting was held on Friday evening. The present pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Stevenson, presented Mr. Thompson to the audience in a short introductory speech, which, in its substance and expression, might be pronounced *perfect*. I never heard a better one. I regret that I cannot send you a report of it, and of Mr. Thompson's speech also. Mr. Stevenson graphically portrayed the contrast between the former and the present time. He regretted that the former pastor of the church who welcomed Mr. Thompson to that pulpit thirty years ago could not have the pleasure of introducing him again to the people now that he did them the honor to speak in their house, when the most splendid edifice of the city was open to receive him.

The subject of Mr. Thompson's address was the Copperheads of England. I need not say that they were vividly portrayed. A portion of the address was, of course, appropriate to the peculiar occasion. But the memories of the past, and the consciousness of the present were more eloquent, more thrilling than any words could be. The "toil-worn and battle-worn" veterans of our cause exchanged glances and greetings; but all felt that no full expression could be given to the emotions of such an hour. It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who enjoyed it. I have learned with regret that many of our friends deprived themselves of the pleasure of the meeting on account of their belief that the house, which is not large, would be so densely crowded that it might be difficult to obtain admission. M. G.

LETTER FROM A FRIEND IN TENNESSEE.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., ——, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE people of the North have no conception of the character and condition of the "poor whites" of the South-west, and would be astonished by a true picture of their ignorance and poverty. The refugees who come into Chattanooga every day, and are sent to the barracks at Nashville, are the most pitiable objects my eyes ever rested upon. They are of a class found nowhere in the free States, but constitute one of the peculiar features of Southern society. They are, in degradation, ignorance and wretchedness, below the slaves; and we envy neither the head nor the heart of any Northern man, who, when appealed to in behalf of the latter, will excuse himself by the wretched pretence that *he* is "for the white man's rights"; as if the interests of the two classes were not identical. To see these white refugees, who come to us almost naked, and in many instances broken down by suffering and disease, and hear them plead for something to eat, is enough to soften the heart even of a Copperhead, to awaken in his mind the suspicion that there is some great disease in the body politic, and lead him to pray and work for a remedy.

In two months there were received at one office in Nashville 4,628 destitute refugees. More than half of them have been sent to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to find an asylum from the house of bondage.

The following notice, cut from the Atlanta *Confederacy* of the 22d March, 1864, is a beautiful specimen of Southern chivalric modesty. V. K. Stevenson, the advertiser, was formerly President of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad; and from his description of the female fugitive, it would seem that he treasures a vivid recollection of her "neat appearance." From their knowledge of the character of V. K., the loyal people of Chattanooga are not slow to believe that he cherishes a spark of jealousy about the girl whose manners are "modest" and whose speech is "soft." O the beauties of this very "peculiar institution," in whose behalf this cruel war is waged! But to the advertisement:

$100 REWARD!

I will give the above reward for the taking and delivering to me, in Atlanta, Ga., or confining in jail, LOUISA, a stout, healthy negro woman, 20 years old, about 5 feet 6 inches high, will weigh 160 pounds, dark color, of modest manners, speaks softly, usually with cast down eyes; she is stout and well formed. Louisa was raised, I think, near Petersburg or Norfolk, Va., and is possibly trying to escape in company with a white man. She has usually a neat appearance.

V. K. STEVENSON.

In the Summer of 1862, at Stevenson, Ala., there came into camp a woman, her husband and two children, the slaves of this same V. K. Stevenson, who had rather suddenly abandoned *his* home on the approach of Gen. Negley. When our army retreated, this family came with them and walked over 150 miles, carrying their little effects. A benevolent officer aided them to escape the perils by land and the perils by false friends, and the danger of capture by the human bloodhounds of Kentucky, and they landed safely in Oberlin, Ohio. This slave mother, reading her Bible, was asked what she was reading. She replied: "I'se readin' Job; when I gits in trouble I reads Job and trusts in de Lord." Now they are happier than the children of Israel were after their deliverance from the bondage of Pharaoh, for they have a home of their own and can read and write. The mother still trusts in the Lord and reads Job.

In 1836 the President of the United States authorized an espionage of the mails to prevent the circulation of "incendiary documents." Those documents "roared them gently as a sucking dove" compared with some of the communications found as precious relics of barbarism in deserted rebel houses. The following is a copy of a letter found recently by our troops in the palatial residence of Senator Clay of Alabama. It was written by his son, C. C. Clay, Jr., when a schoolboy, and gives us a look into the deep pit of slavery:

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., May 14, 1832.

* * * * * * * * *

I went to the plantation last Saturday a week ago, and the crop was in very fine order, and the cattle also, but I am sorry to say the negroes were complaining of not getting enough to eat and looked poor, pale, very discontented and dejected.

Mr. Toone (overseer) was drunk, and had beat Isaac until he fainted, and left scars on Henry, Peter, Celey, Cresey and Martha, which will remain on them as long as they live. Martha could not be sold for half her value, and Sam is beat very severely. Mrs. Jordan was at Uncle John's and she said she had heard him whip distinctly at her house. Isaac, Peter and Ben ran away, but was recaptured with dogs in a swamp.

Mr. Toone is always drunk, and in a fit of intoxication the other day he knocked old Celey down with his whip and Crecey down with the shovel, and left large scars on both of them. All the neighbors have told me that he is beating the negroes to death, and you will not own a negro when you come home who is not scarred from head to foot. Your son,

(Signed) CLEMENT C. CLAY.

The men in the army feel a deep solicitude in regard to the approaching Presidential election. We see that the German Democratic papers have come out for Fremont. From present indications we shall have a grand sweepstakes, with four or five candidates for the prize. First, Lincoln, regular nominee of the Union Convention, to meet in Baltimore on the 7th of June. Second, McClellan, candidate of the Democratic Convention. Third, Fremont, nominee of the Radical Convention to meet in Cleveland, May 30. Fourth, the Tammany Hall War Democratic candidate, to be nominated at Cincinnati. We all deprecate schism in the Union ranks; still, Mr. Lincoln would regard his reelection as an endorsement of his hesitating, half-hearted policy, and many earnest men feel reluctant to give such an endorsement. It may be possible, as is claimed by his friends, that he has moved as fast and as far as the public sentiment would sustain him; but I, for one, don't believe it. If he had sustained Fremont in freeing the slaves of rebels, I believe we should long ere this had the rebellion under our feet, and an immense amount of blood and tears and treasure would have been saved. The President, being a Kentuckian, has never been able to get out of his mind the idea that those infamous traitors had still certain constitutional rights, which must not be infringed. Great God! if he could only have realized, as he should, that the only *right* they had was the *right* of the wolf, and the rattlesnake—the right, namely, to be killed—how different would have been the result! At least so it seems to me.

We should deprecate the election of such a man as McClellan, and therefore, after all, we may be obliged to take the Whig advice of 1844, and "choose the least of two evils." Heaven forbid that the deathless interests of this imperilled nation should be sacrificed in the scramble for men. J. H.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, May 8, 1864.

THE grand topic of conversation is, of course, the news from the armies, but it is too fresh, too confused, and, indeed, at the date of writing, too unreliable to comment upon it, and I will not attempt it. There are other interesting subjects which, under ordinary circumstances, would attract general attention, and, indeed, would create a good deal of excitement.

The Blair affair is one of them. It is from beginning to end a very singular and incomprehensible subject. Why it is that the President should take such a strong liking for the Blairs no one here can understand. Mr. Lincoln has always had the reputation of being an *honest* man, yet who can look his transaction with Gen. Blair in the face and regard it in any other light than as a dishonorable arrangement between the two gentlemen? So firm is my conviction that Mr. Lincoln is honest to the core, that, in spite of appearances, I believe he intended no wrong to anybody and no violation of the Constitution. But the transaction itself was dishonest and unconstitutional. Mr. Lincoln was led astray by his strong desire to serve the Blairs, and especially Montgomery Blair. In the House of Representatives the feeling against Frank Blair has intensified since his farewell speech, which was a most violent attack upon Mr. Chase and the Radicals of Missouri. Afterwards the secret arrangement with the President was published, by which he was Member of Congress or Major-General, whichever he wished. This transaction has added to his unpopularity in the House. It turns out that in his last speech he did not state the exact truth in reference to the liquor transaction, upon which the Investigating Committee was raised. The Committee found that the Blair order for liquor was enlarged (in effect forged) by a man named Michael Powers. Blair in his speech declared repeatedly that Powers was one of "Chase's understrappers," and endeavored to convey the idea that he was a tool of Secretary Chase. Those who understood the subject thought it very strange that Mr. Blair should himself call this witness, if he was an agent of Mr. Chase. Mr. Higby, a member of the Committee of Investigation, and who made the report to the House, explained the matter very plainly to the House a few days after Blair left. He said:

"Now, sir, who was this man Powers? The gentleman from Missouri has no right to rise and say here, or anywhere else, that I have no right to ask that question, because he introduced the proof before the Committee, and directed their investigations directly to this point; and it was through the testimony thus introduced by him that proof was brought before the Committee that Powers was the man who committed the forgery. His mouth is therefore shut forever from any complaint in this connection.

"Now, sir, I repeat, who is this man Powers? The gentleman from Missouri on Saturday last asserted that he was a government agent—'one of Chase's understrappers.' He asserts, when he makes the charges in the first place, that it was one of Chase's agents who committed the forgery. Mr. Howard is called as a witness on the part of Blair; and his evidence was directly to the point, and cleared up the matter. He is called upon to state, as the Surveyor of the Port of St. Louis, in what capacity this Mr. Powers was acting.

"Mr. Powers, at the time of this transaction, at the making of this order and the sending of these liquors and other articles down the river, was acting in no official capacity. He had been a Treasury aid previous to that time. By whom was Mr. Powers appointed when he had that office of Treasury aid? The question is asked Mr. Howard. 'I appointed him,' said Mr. Howard in answer. 'By whom, Mr. Howard, were you appointed to occupy the position you do as Surveyor of the Port of St. Louis?' He replied, 'By Abraham Lincoln.' If there were a shadow of a possibility of that man Powers acting as a government official at that time, the appointment came from Abraham Lincoln and not from Mr. Chase. But that would not suit the purpose of the gentleman from Missouri (Mr. Blair).

"There is not, however, the head of any department of the government, from the President down, who is not fully and completely exonerated from the charge made by that man on Saturday last. And I am only astonished a man who occupied the position that he here did as a member of this House, a Representative of the people—of one hundred thousand and more if his district be full—I am astonished, sir, that a man occupying such a position should get up here and make such a barefaced statement in defiance of the testimony taken in the case."

This little matter will give a very good idea of the way in which the Blairs manage their cause. They do not stick at the truth, nor at honor. The most inexplicable thing is that the President is so ardent a friend of these men.

The Committee of Elections has reported in the case of Knox *vs.* Blair in favor of the contestant, Knox, and against Blair. This will prevent Blair from coming back to Congress during the present session.

The House has passed a Radical "Reconstruction bill," and if the Senate will pass it, and we can conquer the rebels in the field, it will put an end to all danger of a shameful compromise with the South.

The Senate still debates the National Bounty bill, and the struggle between the National and State banks goes on—between National and State rights. Mr. Cowan of Pennsylvania and Mr. Doolittle of Wisconsin have made themselves notorious by their conservatism on the subject of the rights of free colored men. Mr. Sumner stands boldly by the cause of absolute justice, and seems to care little for party ties when they come into collision with principle. In spite of the Conservatives the work goes bravely on. Mr. Williams of Pennsylvania stated the case very eloquently a day or two since, and I recommend his speech to all "Conservatives," whether in or out of Congress. Said he:

"Nay, even some of my own Republican auxiliaries on this side have been drifting with the tide into waters too deep to have been even searched by the plummet of *conservatism*. But a little over three years ago, as I can testify, he was a bold man, as he was sure to be a badly abused one, who would have invoked *coercion* by force of arms, and ventured to hint at the possibility of the negro, as the soldier who was to be thrown at last, like the sword of Brennus, as the make-weight into the scale. Two years ago there was scarcely a Republican in this House who would have voted for the latter proposition. One year ago every gentleman on the other side would have revolted at it, as they had done before the bombardment of Sumter against coercion. Six months ago the unarmed and defenceless negro was flying like a hunted stag and flying for his life before a cowardly and brutal mob in the streets of the very metropolis of the Western hemisphere. Two years ago the dark skinned child of the tropics was struggling slowly up to the unwonted privilege of cracking his whip over a Federal mule-team, to the horror of all political ethnologists and unbelieving Conservatives, who howled denunciations at the Pathfinder of the West, and shouted hosannas to the loiterer at Manassas, and the author and promulgator of Order No. 3. Now Scipio (Africanus) has a musket in his hand, and stands revealed as a soldier and a man, of higher physical and moral type than his persecutors themselves, in the light of the fiery surge that swept the trenches of Fort Wagner, and under the iron storm that flashed from the blazing ramparts of Port Hudson. The flesh that fed and crisped and crackled in the flames of a metropolitan *auto da fé*, has turned out to be human, and the blood that was licked up by the devouring element, to be as red and warm as our own, the physiologists and philosophers to the contrary notwithstanding. And now behold the miracle! But yesterday, as it were, only forty-one members of the negro-hating and negro-disparaging party on this floor—hating him in the name of Democracy as a freeman, but loving him too much as a slave to peril his valuable life—could be brought to vote against buckling the harness of the Union on his back, and anointing him as the soldier of the Republic."

If the war can be prosecuted successfully there is no danger from Conservatism—if it cannot be waged to victory, Radicalism will be of no service for want of a field upon which to exercise its powers. AVON.

The Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the CLARKSON ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held at Oxford, Friends' meeting-house, on Seventh day, the 21st inst., at 1 o'clock p.m.

ELIZABETH COATES, Secretary.

Miscellaneous Department.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE birds, against the April wind,
Flew Northward, singing as they flew;
They sang, "The land we leave behind
Has swords for corn-blades, blood for dew."

"O wild-birds, flying from the South,
What saw and heard ye, gazing down?"
"We saw the mortar's upturned mouth,
The sickened camp, the blazing town!

"Beneath the bivouac's starry lamps,
We saw your march-worn children die;
In shrouds of moss, in cypress swamps,
We saw your dead uncoffined lie.

"We heard the starving prisoner's sighs;
And saw, from line and trench, your sons
Follow our flight with home-sick eyes
Beyond the battery's smoking guns."

"And heard and saw ye only wrong
And pain," I cried, "O wing-worn flocks?"
"We heard," they sang, "the Freedman's song,
The crash of Slavery's broken locks!

"We saw from new, uprising States
The Treason-nursing mischief spurned,
As, crowding Freedom's ample gates,
The long-estranged and lost returned.

"O'er dusky faces, seamed and old,
And hands horn-hard with unpaid toil,
With hope in every rustling fold,
We saw your star-dropt flag uncoil.

"And, struggling up through sounds accursed,
A grateful murmur clomb the air,
A whisper scarcely heard at first,
It filled the listening Heavens with prayer.

And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not cease,
Till, drowning all the noise of war,
It sings the blessed songs of peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day
Of chill and slowly-greening spring,
Low stooping from the cloudy grey,
The wild-birds sang or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
The song went with them in their flight;
But lo! they left the sunset fair,
And in the evening there was light.

—*Independent.*

THE LADIES' NATIONAL COVENANT.

"NO IMPORTED ARTICLES OF WEARING APPAREL."

A MEETING, composed of the wives of members of the Cabinet, and of Senators and Representatives, of well-known authoresses, women of fashion, mothers who had lost their sons, and wives who had lost their husbands, was held in Washington, D. C., a few days since, for the organization of an association to secure "the union of the women of this country in the earnest resolution to purchase no imported articles of apparel, where American can possibly be substituted, during the continuance of the war." At the request of the ladies, the Rev. Dr. McMurdy was invited to preside, and did so. Miss Lizzie M. Baker was appointed Secretary. On motion of Mrs. Senator Lane, of Indiana, the following named ladies were appointed a Committee to prepare articles of association and an address to American women. Mrs. Senator Lane, of Indiana, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, of New York, Mrs. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, Mrs. Representative Logan, of Missouri, Mrs. Representative Pike, of Maine, Mrs. S. A. Douglas and Mrs. Ingersoll, of the District.

Five ladies were appointed to nominate officers, viz: Mrs. Representative Spaulding, of Ohio; Mrs. Representative Woodbridge, of Vermont; Mrs. Judge Hughes, of Indiana; Mrs. Choate of the District; and Mrs. Morris, of the Navy.

The Committee to prepare articles of association reported the following, which were adopted:

ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

ART. I.—OF THE NAME AND OBJECT.

SEC. 1. The name of this association shall be the Ladies' National Covenant.

SEC. 2. The object shall be to unite the women of the country in the earnest resolution to purchase no imported articles of apparel where American can possibly be substituted, during the continuance of the war.

ART. II.—OF THE OFFICERS.

SEC. 1. The officers of the National Covenant shall be a President, Vice-President, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries, and an Advisory and Organizing Committee of two from each State and Territory within Federal lines.

SEC. 2. The President shall preside at the meeting of the Covenant, and at the meetings of the Executive Committee. She shall provide for all vacancies in the offices.

SEC. 3. The Vice-President, in the absence or death of the President, shall act in her place. She shall be a member of the Executive Committee, and shall assist the President in her duties at her request.

SEC. 4. The Corresponding Secretaries shall enlist the press in behalf of the object of the Covenant, and correspond with the ladies and societies in various parts of the country, in promotion of the purposes of the organization. The number of Corresponding Secretaries shall be ten, which number may be augmented at the pleasure of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 5. The Recording Secretaries shall preserve an official record of the names and places of residence of those pledged to the Covenant, and perform such other duties as are implied in the nature of their office. The number of Recording Secretaries shall be two, and this number may be increased at the pleasure of the President.

SEC. 6. The Advisory and Organizing Committee shall consist of two from each State and Territory within Federal lines, which number may be indefinitely increased by the two members from the State or Territory, by appointments, at their pleasure, of persons within said State or Territory, for the purposes of this association in the said State or Territory. This Organizing Committee shall report monthly, as far as practicable, to the President of the National Covenant, the number of persons pledged, in their respective States, to the covenant, and make such suggestions as they may deem expedient to perfect the success of this Society.

SEC. 7. The Executive Committee shall consist of the President, Vice-President, and Corresponding and Recording Secretaries. This Committee shall transact all business necessary to the purposes of the League. Said Committee shall meet at their pleasure, and adopt any by-laws for their government not inconsistent with the object of the National Covenant.

SEC. 8. The time and place of the meetings of the National Covenant shall be determined by the President, with the advice and consent of the Executive Committee.

ART. III.—OF THE PLEDGE OR COVENANT.

The pledge or covenant shall be as follows:

"For three years, or for the war, we pledge ourselves to each other and the country to purchase no imported article of apparel.

Officers, nominated by the Committee appointed for the purpose, were chosen as follows:

OFFICERS.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

President—Mrs. Gen. Jas. Taylor.
Vice-President—Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas.
Recording Secretaries—Miss Rebecca Gilliss, Miss Virginia Smith.
Corresponding Secretaries—Miss M. Morris, Mrs. B. B. French, Mrs. S. Bowen, Mrs. H. C. Ingersoll, Mrs. Z. Robbins, Mrs. Prof. Henry, Mrs. Chittenden, Mrs. Capt. Kidden, Miss Williams, Miss Matilda Betes.

Advisory and Organizing Committees were appointed for all the loyal States and Territories. Among those thus appointed are many who hold a high social and literary position.

The following address was reported by the Committee and unanimously adopted:

ADDRESS TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

In the Capital of our country we have this day organized a Central Society for the suppression of extravagance, the diminution of foreign imports, and the practice of economy in all our social relations. To this Society we have given the name of "The Ladies' National Covenant." Its object is a good and generous one, which should inspire a spirit of patriotism worthy of women who are the glory of a great nation. For this Society we have an example and precedent at once august and encouraging.

In 1779 the women of Massachusetts, actuated by the same impulse that inspires us, assembled in the city of Boston, as we have met here, and resolved to serve the country by an effort of self-sacrifice far greater than we are called upon to make.

On the 9th of February, three hundred matrons, each the mistress of a household, met as we do now, and signed a pledge to abstain from the use of tea, the greatest luxury of the time and the very life of all the social gatherings for which our New England ancestors were so famous. Three days after, twice that number of blooming young girls met in the same place and signed like pledges; from that brave assemblage of women non-importation societies sprang up, that produced an effect upon the mother country almost equal to that created by the success of our revolutionary armies. During all the terrors of the war these noble women held firmly to their pledges, and by their earnestness awoke the sympathy and coöperation of every sister colony in the land. The spirit thus aroused extended itself to imported goods of all kinds, and every hearthstone was turned into an independent manufactory. Thus it was that the flax wheel, the hatchel, and the hand-loom became sublime instruments of freedom in the hands of American women. The house mothers of '76 not only kept their pledge of non-importation, but with their own hands wrought from the raw materials the garments which clothed themselves, their husbands and children. The pledge which they took and kept so faithfully evoked not only great self-sacrifice, but hard, hard toil, such as the women of the present day scarcely dream of. Had they not endured and labored while their husbands fought, we should have had no mighty Union to pray and struggle for now.

We, the women of '64, have the same object to attain and the same duties to perform which were so nobly accomplished by the women of '76. Shall we not follow their example, and take up, cheerfully, the less burdens that the welfare of our country demands? They gave up the very comforts of life without a murmur; can we refuse when a sacrifice of feminine vanity is alone required? Can we hesitate to yield up luxuries that are so unbecoming when the very earth trembles under our feet from the tread of armed men going down to battle, and almost every roof throughout the land shelters some mother lamenting the son who has fallen gloriously with his face to the foe, or a widow whose husband lies buried so deeply among the masses of slain heroes that she will never learn where to seek for his grave?

When the wife of a Greek prince, whose husband was absent at the siege of Troy, was urged by her friends to put on her royal robes and be cheerful, she answered: "My husband is under the walls of Troy; shall I adorn my hair while he wears a helmet? Shall I dress in new robes while he carries arms? No! my raiment shall be like his hard labors, and in sadness will I pass the time of this mournful war."

Patriotism is beautiful in all ages; and was shared alike by the lady of classic story and the mother of the revolution, clad in her homespun dress and steadily performing more than household duties. Compare the spirit of these women with the reckless extravagance which has marked the duration of this terrible struggle for the Union, and the contrast is indeed humiliating. Still the women of America are not unworthy of their ancestors. Thoughtless they may be, and luxuriously extravagant from long habits of prosperity, but cruel and unjust never. Appeal to their reason and gentle feelings, and the women of this day will prove themselves capable of as noble deeds as ever marked the struggles of the revolution. Convince them of the evils their thoughtlessness is producing, and the remedy is certain.

It has not yet been sufficiently impressed upon them that the encouragement of extravagant importations is injurious to the public good. To impress this vital truth upon the women of the Union, we have entered into this solemn covenant, not only lending ourselves to a general system of economy in our persons, but holding it as a duty to impress upon others how unwomanly it is to make outward display a paramount subject of thought, when the nation is in the throes of a rebellion such as the world never saw. Gathered here in the centre of the nation, a handful of women, intent on a single object, anxious only for the good of the country, we appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of our sister women throughout the length and breadth of the land. Let it be well understood, that every ounce of gold that goes from the country detracts from the pay of the soldier who is fighting for our salvation, and diminishes the wages of our sister women who toil for their bread, into a miserable pittance that scarcely suffices to keep them from starvation. The precious metal that flows from this country to Europe for the luxuries we do not need, increases the price of gold here, depreciates the value of our national currency, and helps to sweep the necessaries of life beyond the reach of the working man.

It is a painful truth, for which we shall yet learn to blush, that the importations of the most expensive goods manufactured in Europe have been far greater during the war than at any time in the history of our country. The importations last week at the New York custom house alone amounted to five million of dollars; and all that week—which will yet find its ignoble record in history—the streets of Washington were blocked up with weary soldiers, marching through mud, rain, or dust, down to the Army of the Potomac, which now lies with bated courage waiting for the carnival of death which is almost flinging its crimson shadow over us.

For the good of our country and the honor of our sex, let us redeem ourselves from this reproach of wanton extravagance. Let us prove by cheerful retrenchment that the women of the country are not so wedded to luxurious self-indulgence that they cannot fill a glorious page in the history of this war and yet retain all that is retiring and beautiful in womanhood. In all humane works they have proved themselves charitable, kind, and munificent. Let these comprehend that self-abnegation will accomplish more than works of charity, and they will not be less earnest to sacrifice than they have been to act.

It must not be said of us that we have been willing to give up our husbands, sons, and brothers to fight or die for the Union, and yet refuse to renounce our laces, silks, velvets, and diamonds. That thought would cover us with shame before the nations of the earth. No; our women of the Union only lack knowledge of the means by which they can prove themselves true help-mates of the heroes who are fighting our battles.

Impress it upon them that in discouraging excessive importations and adopting goods manufactured at home they keep gold in the country, reduce the rates of exchange, and establish confidence in the government, and they will prove how far patriotism can rise above feminine vanity in the hearts of American women.

In order to invoke this spirit of self-sacrifice it is important that the great object of the covenant we have made should be broadly circulated and thoroughly understood. It discourages profligate expenditures of any kind, recommends the use of domestic fabrics wherever they can be substituted for those of foreign make, and advises simplicity of attire, both as a matter of policy and good taste. It asks the great sisterhood of American women to aid in this reform before it is too late. Thank God! science has given us the means of reaching thousands on thousands in a single hour. While we make this covenant, the thought that thrills our hearts may tremble in fire along the telegraph, and awake kindred inspiration throughout the entire land. By every means of communication in our power, let us urge the necessity of prompt action. In every town and village throughout the Union, some woman who loves her country is implored to establish an auxiliary society and forward the names of the ladies invited to act for the State in which her duty lies. We ask simultaneous action, earnest work, and generous self sacrifice at the hands of our sister women. With their ardent help, a work will be accomplished so important in its results that the woman who shares in it may, hereafter, leave the emblem of our object as the richest jewel that she can leave to posterity.

THE BADGE OF THE COVENANT.

On motion of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, it was resolved that the badge of the National Covenant shall be a black bee, with wings enameled according to nature, worn with a tri-color ribbon a little in front of the left shoulder.

RESOLUTIONS.

On motion of Mrs. Ingersoll, it was unanimously

Resolved, That while, as the wives and daughters and women of America, we are ready and determined to practice self-denial for the benefit of the country and our sex, we earnestly request the men of America also to abstain from the use of imported articles, especially wines, liquors, and cigars.

On motion of Mrs. Morris it was unanimously

Resolved, That the women in the nation, sympathizing with the great object of this Society, be and hereby are invited to copy the covenant, record their own names thereto, and, obtain as many signatures as possible, forward the number [not the names] so obtained to the committee of their State.

On motion of Mrs. Senator Wilson it was unanimously

Resolved, That the Recording Secretaries and Mrs. Ingersoll be and are hereby appointed a committee to request the publication of the proceedings of this meeting in the various papers of this city, and to furnish reports for the reporters of the distant papers represented at Washington.

On motion of Mrs. Representative Pike, of Maine, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be and hereby are tendered to Mrs. Ann S. Stephens for her patriotic and classic address.

The pledge was signed by almost every lady in the house, and then, at the request of the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, who made several interesting and effective speeches, the meeting was delayed until it could be photographed, after which, on motion of Mrs. Senator Wilson, the meeting adjourned.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—A change in the publishing arrangements of the London *Victoria Magazine* having been made the occasion of some misconception as to the nature of Miss Faithfull's efforts for the employment of women, the London *Daily News* offers the following explanation: "For several years Miss Faithfull has devoted her time, her means and her energy to the conducting of a printing office, in which the type-setting, and all labor for which female strength is available, has been performed by women. Though the capital and space at Miss Faithfull's disposal have not induced her to employ at one time a great body of workpeople, she has enabled a number of women, otherwise unprovided for, to start in life furnished with a new power of introduction to the great labor market of the world. *The Victoria Magazine* was established in the Spring of 1863, and premises, intended as a publishing office for it, were opened at No. 14 Prince street, Hanover Square; but for the purpose of distributing the magazine among the bookselling trade, and promoting its sale, it has been found desirable to transfer the publishing department to a wholesale city house, the editing and printing of the magazine remaining in Miss Faithfull's hands. The premises in Princes street have been converted into a bookseller's and stationer's shop, in which Miss Faithfull seeks to promote, both directly and indirectly, the object she has at heart—the employment of her own sex. This she purposes to do by using, as far as possible, the services of female assistants, and by engaging in the various processes connected with the stationery trade—such as book-binding, envelope making, black bordering, stamping from dies, etc.—as much female labor as possible."

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MASSACHUSETTS.

LAND of the Pilgrims! Freedom's home!
Though from a far-off see,
Child of its fairest isle, I seek
My last long rest with thee!
Where'er my feet may stray, to thee
In spirit still I come;
Land of my hope, land of my dreams,
My heart's own chosen home.

Thy wild North blast, that even blows
Sweet April's locks apart—
Thy late Spring, with its cold grey skies—
These cannot chill my heart;
Here, looking eastward with bared brow,
I feel thy breezes chill;
Sweet, sweet! They swept thy broad blue bay,
They breathed on BUNKER hill;

And who beside thy gifted sons
Is worthy found to stand—
Orator, Statesmen, Poet, thine—
The crowned ones of the land,
The noblest of the earth, to whom
My spirit lowly knelt;
Whose words of truth, and deeds of power
Through all the world are felt!

Thy saints and sages of the past;
Thy present's men of might;
Thy Bard, whose thick-strewn pearls of thought
Are pure and clear as light;
Whose lyre or clarion, strong or sweet,
Cheered fainting Freedom on;
Thy more than Cicero, golden-mouthed;
Thy FAITHFUL GARRISON!

Bring me, O breeze, one precious leaf
From some "name-carven" bough
That wove its sun-flecked shadows o'er
Our noblest poet's brow;
A laurel-leaf from MERRIMAC,
Close where its spray-drops fall;
The echo of some tone that rung
Through glorious FANEUIL HALL!

No marvel that the traitorous South
Should fan her hatred-flame
To seven-fold fierceness, at the sound
Of MASSACHUSETTS' name!
As foemen's blows are always aimed
To strike some vital part,
So Freedom's foes all aim at thee,
Our country's brain and heart!

Fair love and pride of all the land,
For this thy queenly sway,
Thy glorious past, thy martyr-blood
So freely poured to-day;
Low resting in some vale of thine,
My lips should press thy sod,
And vow thy people should be mine,
My God thy Fathers' God!

KATY CARLISLE.

SPEECH OF JOHN BRIGHT.

[In London, recently, the friends of the great enterprise for connecting the Old World with the New by the agency of the electric telegraph dined together, on the invitation of Mr. Cyrus Field, of New York, at the Palace Hotel, Pimlico. There were present—His Excellency the American Minister, Lord John Hay, Hon. R. Grimston, Mr. Bright, M.P., Mr. S. Gurney, M.P., Mr. G. P. Bidder, Capt. Osborn, R.N., etc. After a brief address by the American Minister, Mr. Adams, the Chairman proposed the health of JOHN BRIGHT, and in doing so took occasion to say he wished his honorable friend would visit the United States, where he promised him he would be received with an ovation such as no living man ever received. The only danger was that all the male children born in the course of the year in which he might so honor them would be named after him, and, instead of being Browns and Joneses, they would be all John Brights. The toast having been enthusiastically honored, Mr. Bright rose to reply.]

GENTLEMEN, I might very easily rob Mr. Field of the originality of the statement he has made as to what might happen were I to pay a visit to the United States. I have in the course of time received many letters from gentlemen in his country, and one of them did say there were several penalties I should have to endure as the consequences of my visit to America, and one of them was, he thought, that nearly all the children there would have to be called after me (hear, hear, and laughter). If this and a great many other dreadful things which he thought would follow my visit be true, I am, I think, very prudent in staying in this country (hear, hear). I have never been in America, but for thirty years, which is a long time to look back to, I have had a strong wish to go there; but most of us Englishmen find so much to do in the conduct and management of our regular business that a six months' absence is not a thing easy to accomplish. Englishmen are, I think, I will not say more attached, but certainly more tied to their homes than Americans are. However, when Mr. Field is able to tell us that the war is over (hear, hear)—that the Union is restored (hear, hear)—that there are none but freemen on his continent (hear, hear, and cheers)—if I could only say I might be a few years younger than I am likely to be when that happens, I might perhaps be induced to pay a visit to America. I do not know how many of those in this room are Englishmen, nor how many are Americans, nor is it at all necessary to discriminate between them, but it is, I think, worthy of notice that you cannot tell one from the other (hear, hear). But it is very provoking, if anything be so, that there should be people who would make us foreigners and strangers to each other (loud cheers). I am convinced that it is possible to go through the United States, and select a number of gentlemen, English and American, equal to the number of fifty or sixty now present, and that if you put them together, one half with the other, you would find them just as friendly disposed towards each other as we are, and just as able to enjoy the good things provided for them (cheers). There would not be amongst them the slightest disposition to quarrel one with another (hear, hear). On the contrary, they would begin to think that all that has been said to create a hostile feeling between them is false, and then the lies and frightful calumnies which a great newspaper in this country (hear, hear)—and another great newspaper in New York (hear, hear)—treat both hemispheres to would no longer be regarded (cheers). There are some persons in England very jealous of America. They think it too big to govern itself—to be under one government. They—the subjects of a State which governs an empire of 160 million of people of a different race, some thousand miles away—they, I say, have a profound conviction that thirty million of people, of the same race, language, and religion, are really too large a population to be governed by themselves and to constitute one State (hear, hear, and cheers). This national jealousy is very stupid to say the least of it (loud cheers). When the grandfather of the distinguished guest beside me was here in the same capacity which he now occupies, he was here in times of great animosity, in times of great displacement of old feelings, and in times of great national irritation (hear, hear)—for the American colonies had just then emancipated themselves. After the war of 1812 his father came here in the same capacity, and he curiously enough also came in for a portion of that kind of national irritation, the result of the war not having been very flattering either to the policy or the forces of England; and now our friend is here at a time when, although we are not at war, yet when war is producing very unfortunate results here, especially in regard to one very important branch of commerce, and is stirring up memories which had better been buried forever (loud cheers). From all this there comes—there comes from men, some partly ignorant, some suspicious, men of contracted intellect, totally ignorant of what makes the great and true glory of nations—a jealousy of the United States (hear, hear). In ancient times it was considered the glory of nations to plant powerful colonies, and they did not glory the less in them because they became independent (cheers). The United States have ceased to be our colonial possession, and are now truly an independent nation, but still they are our colonies (cheers). What, then, can be more contemptible, and flying in the face of all that is great and glorious, and all we are taught in history to value, than that we should feel jealous of the great nation on the other side of the Atlantic, planted there by ourselves? (Cheers.) We have achieved whatever glory we are entitled to for having been able to carry everything good in this country to a higher point of excellence than any other country of which we are told in history ever did (hear, hear).

We have lately heard a great deal about the advantages of a universal language, and if I am disposed to talk often I am not the less disposed to listen and be taught, and I know nothing more irritating and more irremediable than the story we are told of what took place at the tower of Babel, by which men are supposed to speak in different tongues not mutually understood; but in the United States there are thirty million of people of the same race as ourselves, professing the same religion and speaking the same language, so that when peace is restored, the government reëstablished, schools and classes enough open for the general and religious instruction of the people, and freedom universally established, there will be a vast field opened for the development of commerce, civilization, and Christianity, and the population will every ten years grow to a degree that even in the lifetime of our children the English language will be spoken by 100 million of free people ("hear," and cheers). What a magnificent contemplation that is (renewed cheers). If I chance to go further to the Australian colonies, which under the blessing of free institutions are becoming great and populous, I find that there the English language is spoken as it is spoken in the United States, and, again, if I come to our vast dependencies in India, inhabited by 150 million of people, among whom the English language is yearly and daily extending its influence, so that by means of the care of schools and a good educational system we shall have the educated people of Hindostan twenty or thirty years hence, should the connection continue so long, speaking the English language (cheers). Finally, I come to South Africa, and there the English language is making its way also among various different nations, so that we see that this language of ours, in which some of the greatest and most eminent men that ever lived have written and spoken, is universally extending itself by the help of commerce and civilization, until it promises to belt the world (cheers). I want, then, to know why there should be any persons inclined to keep up cavil, to excite and stimulate jealous passions and a hostile mind between two nations speaking this language (cheers). I cannot conceive any man more an enemy, not only to his country and the cause of freedom, but also to humanity itself, than he who lends himself to create and foster jealousy and animosity between the United States and the more ancient English nation (cheers). I thoroughly agree with what Mr. Adams has said with regard to the political importance of that great undertaking in the cause of which we are this evening assembled; and just before I came here I was speaking to a gentleman, a member of her Majesty's government—one of the present Cabinet—and I told him as I was coming out of the House, that I was going to dine with some friends of the Atlantic telegraph. His countenance at once brightened up, and he said to me, "I look upon that as the most glorious thing that man ever attempted; there is nothing which so lays hold of my sympathies" (cheers). When he said that, he spoke only the feelings of every intelligent and moral man in the whole world (loud cheers). When the news reached us that the last cable was laid, did it not make a revolution and a shock? Did not every man feel that a new world and a new time was opened to him? It was, I recollect, just at the time when some great work was being inaugurated at Cherbourg under the auspices of the French Emperor, but it sank into insignificance compared with such glorious news, and everybody felt, as everybody must have felt 400 years ago, when the simple adventurous sailor of Genoa had opened a new world to the knowledge of mankind. But he only discovered to Europe what I may be permitted to call an unoccupied wilderness; but this project is one to unite 30 million of people to the 250 million who inhabit this continent of Europe, and passing from the days of Columbus I know of no event in history comparable in grandeur and sublimity (if we look at its results) with that magnificent enterprise to which Mr. Field has devoted his talents and his life (cheers). I thank you for your kindness in listening to me so far, and I hope that some short time after this great event shall be accomplished we may have the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Field amongst us again to congratulate him on the result to which we look forward with so strong, so intense an interest (loud cheers).

GARIBALDI.

TRUE thinker and true worker, hand in hand,
Unlike, but yet how like each bears his part;
Hero and poet with the same great heart,
In one the life-blood of the Southern land
Pulses with sudden throb, as beat the waves
Where the blue sea his rocky islet laves;
The other, master of the mighty rhyme,
Had pierced the dusky mantle of past time,
And seen the shadows of the noble dead,
The knightly throng, with Arthur at their head—
Writing their Idylls in a deathless song;
Deeming perchance, such life a dim ideal—
Its gentle strength, its fearless scorn of wrong—
On Garibaldi gazed, and found it real.

TENNYSON.

GARIBALDI IN LONDON.

From The London Dial, April 16.

A CONQUEROR returning to his native land after the most splendid succession of victories; a king rendered dear to his people by a long life of the noblest deeds; a patriot coming back flushed with the glory of having repelled the invaders of his country when the last chance of that country's safety seemed at stake—any one of these might have felt justly proud of the reception which London on Monday bestowed upon a stranger. That heart must have been cold indeed which did not glow under the influence of Monday's magnificent demonstration. No city in the world but London alone could have afforded so splendid a spectacle; for no city save London has a population large enough thus to fill up until no inch of available space was left the miles of streets along which the route of the procession lay. Garibaldi has seen many thrilling sights in his varied and stirring life; but such a gathering of enthusiastic people as Monday showed he must surely then have seen for the first time. The task of describing that vast outpouring of jubilant men and women is performed by other hands in other columns of this journal, and we therefore make no attempt here to portray the spectacle. It is enough to say that for the numbers whom it gathered and for the enthusiasm which it awakened it was something which may well be called unparalleled—something which no one a month ago could have dreamed of beholding so soon in London—something which no man having seen it will find it easy to forget in a lifetime.

The spectacle, if regarded only as a mere demonstration of popular feeling, or even of mere popular curiosity, must have been pronounced marvellous and magnificent. But it had a moral far more impressive than any outward show could be. Indeed, few public demonstrations at any time have ever conveyed such a meaning. If anything on earth was ever wholly disinterested, Monday's enthusiasm deserves to be called so on the part of the English people. The hero of this splendid triumph is neither rich nor politically powerful. He is a poor man; and, holding no office, wearing no decoration himself, he has no means of conferring office or decoration on any one. His most brilliant military exploits were performed in a cause which concerns in no direct and practical sense the people of England. Nay, his last military adventure was not a triumph at all, but a defeat. Yet the most powerful foreign monarch of our day, the most renowned conqueror of our age, would have sought in vain from the English people for a welcome such as that which the poor, untitled soldier of Italy has just received. We can well believe that Garibaldi's heart must have swelled with a manly and honorable pride as he passed through the streets of London yesterday. He must have known that to no stranger now living—to few strangers who ever lived—would such a welcome have been accorded. What won it for him? Not success alone. Success of course must have been its principal stimulus; for despite all sentimental and poetical scorn of the world's rough means of testing greatness, there is a justice in the inexorable decree which insists that a man shall be judged in this life, not by what he has wished, or hoped, or longed, or dreamed to do, but only by what he actually has done. Every man in Garibaldi's famous thousand may have loved his country as well as Garibaldi, and some even may have loved her just as well who did not, and would not, bear a hand in that deed of immortal daring. But the great test of genius, in whatever path of life, is the capacity to make realities to spring from aspirations; to ascertain what can be done, and to do it. This faculty made Garibaldi a great leader and not merely a brave follower, and the world obeys no unjust impulse when it offers its chief homage only to the men who have held the leader's place. But the enthusiasm lavished upon Garibaldi is not given to his success alone. It is not even bestowed entirely upon his success in that great cause of Italian liberty with which the heart of England is so warmly sympathetic. The pure and noble nature of the man himself; the lofty disinterestedness of all his struggles, the entire abnegation of self, the stainless personal character—these are the qualities which extort even from the coldest hearts an almost boundless enthusiasm.

GARIBALDI'S DEPARTURE.

From the same of April 23.

We believe we are in a position to explain to the public the real cause of Garibaldi's contemplated departure, and at the same time perhaps to indicate a course by which that departure may be delayed. Failing health is not the primary cause of the sudden resolution to leave England. It is quite true that the physical condition of Gen. Garibaldi does not enable him to bear a continuous excitement. It is quite true, as Lord Palmerston stated on Tuesday night, that great ceremonials, late hours, and protracted demonstrations of enthusiastic welcome are sometimes too fatiguing for the soldier whose frame has been for years so heavily tasked. But, with proper intervals of rest, Garibaldi is quite able to undertake and to bear without detriment of any kind the occasional fatigue incidental to a tour through some of the English provinces. We believe we may add that he is personally quite willing and even anxious to visit our great provincial communities. But he has been strongly advised by some influential friends, whose motives, at least, no one will question, not to prolong his stay in England. No pressure has been brought to bear by our government—none has been initiated by the government of France. Some friends and admirers of Garibaldi of high rank and influence have, unwisely, as all England will think, urged him to cut short a period of popular excitement by returning again to his solitude. These gentlemen are, or were, under the entirely mistaken impression that some political "complications," as the current jargon expresses itself, must arise out of a prolonged tour made by Garibaldi, and that some political embarrassment would be avoided by his returning at once to Caprera. Influenced by this erroneous belief, they advised Garibaldi accordingly. Of course even a hint of the kind from men of high position and character could not but have its influence. Garibaldi's sensitive nature, no doubt, persuaded him that mere gratitude for the reception given him in London ought to induce him to avoid even the remotest possibility of creating any political embarrassment. He therefore felt that he had no course open to him but to bring his visit to a close. We do not know whether Garibaldi supposed that any of those who thus undertook to counsel him were expressing the sentiments of the government. The explanation given by Lord Palmerston on Tuesday makes it clear that the government "had no such stuff in its thoughts." But the impression on Garibaldi's mind was deep, and he resolved upon accepting the advice, which he felt convinced—and which we are ready to admit—was given in sincerity and good faith.

Correspondence of The Commonwealth.

LONDON, April 20.

I write you a few words by this mail chiefly to inform you that during the last forty-eight hours the English people have been stirred to the verge of revolution. The city is placarded from one end to the other with: "Garibaldi is hurried out of England to please Louis Napoleon! Englishmen, will you allow this?" Meetings are, as I write, being assembled throughout the kingdom, and strenuous efforts will be made to prevent his departure. The story of his departure being called for by failing strength is, of course, all bosh; Garibaldi will go, but he will not *lie* to please Napoleon and Palmerston. He says to his friends, frankly: "I am quite well; but I have given my word and will start on Friday for Caprera." The people are gnashing their teeth in wrath.

Garibaldi has, at his own request, been enrolled as a member of the Ladies' Emancipation Society. He speaks very warmly and continually about American affairs, and fervently hopes that Fremont may be the next President.

The tree—Wellingtonia gigantia—which he planted in Tennyson's garden at Farningford, has been destroyed for "relics" by those who know no other way to do homage to greatness but by vandalism.

A deputation from the London Ladies' Emancipation Society recently waited upon Garibaldi, and on their behalf Mrs. P. A. Taylor read the following address:

Address of the Executive Committee of the Ladies' London Emancipation Society to Gen. Garibaldi.

GENERAL: On behalf of the Ladies' Emancipation Society we desire to add our voice to the unanimous acclaim which bids you welcome to England.

You will well understand the sentiment indissolubly connected with that welcome—of profound and heartfelt sympathy with the noble cause to which your life has been devoted.

We have watched your career with anxious interest; we have rejoiced with you in the hour of success; we have deeply sympathized with you in the season of temporary defeat and personal suffering.

But it is as the friend of the oppressed of all nations, without distinction of race, caste, or color, that it seems especially appropriate that we should address you. You have called yourself the friend of the negro—and it is with feelings of inexpressible satisfaction that we have, at their spontaneous request, enrolled among our members the names of Garibaldi and Mazzini—names forever indissolubly connected with Italian independence.

It is, General, our fervent hope that you may live to complete the work so gloriously begun, and to achieve what none dare now to stigmatize as a Utopian dread—the creation of a great Italy—free and independent, with Rome for its capital, the Alps and the Mediterranean for its boundaries.

MENTIA TAYLOR, Honorary Secretary.

BIRTH-DAY TRIBUTE.

TO GERRIT SMITH.

Serus in cœlum redeas.

I.

BEND, Winter skies! O! gently bend
To arch this day of sacred joy!
Blow, Winter wind! O! softly blow,
And add thy music's sweet alloy!

II.

Roll, swinging Earth! O! slowly roll
This happy day's recurring round!
Shine, torch of Heaven! O! brightly shine,
To gild the day from bound to bound!

III.

Hail, sweetly hail, O gentle wife,
The chosen day which dawned to be
The herald of a noble life,
And noblest then, when worthiest thee!

IV.

Shout, gladly shout! O captive race,
And clank to Heaven a myriad hands
To greet the day whose radiant face
Brings promise unto darkening lands!

V.

O happy month! the hint of Spring;
Of life renewed; of waving fields;
Uncounted thanks that thou didst bring
That life which richer promise yields!

VI.

If days by deeds are numbered best,
Strong friend of Men! thou'rt full of years.
But Heaven, in thee supremely blest,
Long spares her son, nor wakes our fears!

—*Tribune.*

NEGRO FAITH.

[The Springfield *News* quotes from a private letter an amusing dialogue between an "aristocratic female" and a poor colored woman:]

Aristocratic Female—"The niggers will never be free. They are too ignorant and indolent to be of any account."

Colored Woman [not disconcerted]—"Do you think all the prayers and cries to the good Lord won't have no effect? Hain't they been offered in faith and don't you know de good Lord can do everything?"

A. F.—"But the Lord will never free the niggers nor restore the Union."

C. W.—"Why, bress you, honey, don't you see the good Lord has two great keys in his hand, what holes de Union together?"

A. F.—"No. I never saw the Lord's keys."

C. W.—"Well, you see, honey, de Lord has two great keys in his hand; one is de *Dar-key*, with that he has unlocked the Union, so all de niggers, as you call 'em, will come out free; de other is de *Yan-key*, and with that the good Lord will lock the Union up again."

OWEN LOVEJOY.

SHELBY COUNTY, Ill., April 15, 1864.

To the Editor of The Christian Enquirer.

ON the first day of the present month, the fine, manly body of Owen Lovejoy was committed to the tomb. In the closing words of the elegy that was sung at his grave,

"In these free prairies of the West!
We lay his manly form away;
'Tis meet that here earth's loving breast
Receive again the conquerer's clay."

Doubtless, Lovejoy had his faults, for he was human, but what those faults were even his enemies failed to discover, except that he loved freedom and hated slavery with all the intensity of a warm, full, ardent nature. His power to influence and interest the masses in the cause that was nearest his heart was immense. Three years ago the writer sat at his feet on a rude rostrum, constructed for the occasion in the middle of one of our largest prairies, and witnessed him keep as many men and women as could get within hearing of his unusually powerful voice spell-bound for full three hours by his matchless eloquence.

Two other distinguished speakers at the same time were discoursing from other stands, but their audiences constantly grew less, while his as constantly increased; and notwithstanding he was uttering sentiments that were unpopular then with the great mass of the Republicans, yet his voice was often drowned amid cheers and applause. And when utterly exhausted, sweating great drops of sweat, he was compelled to retire from the stand, hundreds of voices followed him, crying, "Hurrah for Lovejoy!" "Speak on!" "Speak on, Lovejoy!" "We'll listen to you till morning." I have heard the sweet, graceful, simple eloquence of Phillips—and he it was who convinced *one* person how great a sin he had committed in casting his first vote for James Buchanan—I have witnessed the strong, social, magnetizing eloquence of the late Senator Douglas; I have heard the smooth, finished periods of Everett; but I never knew a person who possessed such powers of winning the sympathy of all classes of society, and influencing all degrees of intellect as did Owen Lovejoy. The secret of this power was his large, warm social nature, and his intimate sympathy with all classes and conditions of the human family, combined with an excellent judgment of human nature, a hearty good humor, a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a temperament so intense as to be susceptible of occasional inspiration. Often only a single speech or short acquaintance was necessary to convert his bitterest enemies into warm admirers and staunch friends. None but those "possessed," such as he had to face in Congress, could listen to him and abuse him at the same time. I have heard a number who were previously prejudiced against him, declare after hearing him speak that if Owen Lovejoy was an Abolitionist, they were also. The future will alone reveal how much this champion of human rights has done for a State which, alas! does not fully appreciate his labors, and which is yet darkened by a code of unchristian laws that are a disgrace the civilized world.

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For Blackwood and three Reviews . . . . [illegible]
For Blackwood and the four Reviews . . . . [illegible]

These publications possess unusual interest at this time from the numerous articles they contain in relation to our own country; and although many of them are strongly tinctured with prejudice and represent us somewhat unfairly, others are entirely free from objections, and ALL contain many wholesome truths which it will do us no harm to read and ponder.

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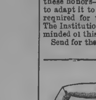
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